

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Sydney Papers, consisting of a Journal of the Earl of Leicester, and Original Letters of Algernon Sydney.* Edited, with Notes, by R. W. Blencowe, A.M. 8vo, pp. 284. London, 1825. J. Murray.

We have so often professed our regard for publications of this description as the true lights of History, that it would be superfluous to repeat such sentiments. Penshurst, the ancient seat of the Earls of Leicester, had already furnished materials of very considerable interest; and Collins's valuable Collection of the Sydney Papers is well known to the reading world. It seems, however, that even at Penshurst, some gleanings were left to reward the industry of the present Editor; and from these, as well as from other documents preserved by Mr. Lambard at Sevenoaks,\* this volume has been compiled.

The principal ingredient is the Journal mentioned in the title page, kept by Robert, the second Earl of Leicester; nephew of Sir Philip, and father of Algernon Sydney. His temporizing character has been presented in softened terms by several of our historians; but from his own statements it is evident that, disappointed of the Government of Ireland, he gradually forsook the cause of his royal friend and master, and became inclined to the Parliament. The want of decision, however, was a personal blemish in these troublesome times; and Lord Leicester neither compromised himself with, nor enjoyed the confidence of, either party. His own, was the moderate Presbyterian; and his nearest relations were found promiscuously on the side of Cavalier and Roundhead, royalist and regicide.

The Journal commences about the year 1647, and seems to have been kept pretty regularly for a time; but, like the generality of such undertakings, it gets slovenly as it proceeds, till at last the entries are uncertain, and,

"Like angel visits, few and far between."

In many parts it merely re-echoes the political periodicals of the times, and, upon the whole, does not do much towards elucidating any obscurities which may have been left on this period of our National History. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected that much could be done in this respect. We shall therefore be the more brief in our extracts. While the unfortunate Charles, having left Windsor, was residing at Caversham, near Reading, the following is a vivid picture of the unconstitutional condition of the Parliament of this distracted Realm:

1647. "Monday, 26th July.—A great multitude of people, apprentices, seamen, and others, came to the Houses of Parliament, forced the House of Peeres first, and afterwards the House of Commons, into which some of them entered boldly and violently, to recall their ordinance for

\* These Letters," it is stated in the Preface, "were given to Mr. Lambard by his sister, who received them from her friend, Lady Smythe, the widow of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Mr. Smythe, the lineal ancestor of the Chief Baron, married Lady Sunderland, the sister of Algernon Sydney, and the widow of Lord Sunderland, who fell at the battle of Newbury; by her it is probable they were first brought from the storehouse at Penshurst. They have been carefully compared with the manuscripts which remain there, and there cannot be a doubt of the identity of the hand writing."

the settling the militia in London, and to recall a declaration which had been made by the two Houses, concerning a seditious petition framed in the city of London; and would not go away until the Houses had done all they would have them to do; and sett guardes at every passage, not suffering any members to come out or go in, but at their pleasure. At the same time came some of the Aldermen, the Sherreffes, and a great part of the Common Councell, to the Houses of Parlemtent, concerning the settling of the militia, as they would have it, and for the revoking of the ordinance aforesayd; which shews that the sayd multitude came thither upon the excitation of the Common Councell, for as soone as they had they desires they dismissed the multitude, and sent them away to their homes.

"On Wednesday, 28th, being the fast day, Mr. Edward's and divers other ministers in London, stirred up the people in their sermons to raise armes to suppress the army, abusing the day which was set apart for the calamities of bleeding Ireland; and exciting the people to put this kingdom again into blood, and so to make it bleeding England also.

"Thursday, 29th July.—The Houses sate not as I thinke, having adjourned till Friday.

"Friday.—The Houses met and sate though very empty, for the Earle of Manchester Speaker of the House of Peeres pro tempore, and Mr. Lenthall Speaker of the House of Commons, with divers members of both Houses having absented themselves for feare of the like tumults and violences and not appearing in the Houses that day, the House of Peeres chose the Lord Willoughby of Parham to be their Speaker pro tempore, and the House of Commons chose one Mr. Pelham a Lawyer for their Speaker, and passed many votes.

"Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.—Strong guardes were sett at every entry into London, and cannon was placed upon the works, rayeing of horse and foote in London against the army, and great expectation of a new warr.

"Monday 2nd of August.—At the Guildhall in London there was a great disorder, some being for peace, some for warr, and a division among themselves, some for Massey, some for Paines, and divers persons were killed; but the whole city not being resolved on warr, it was thought fit to incline to peace."

General Fairfax was eventually called in, and subdued the tumults.

In December of the following year, (1648) we find our legislature under a change of masters.

"Wednesday, 6th December. Corronell Pride an officer of the army with some souldiers attending him, came and stood in the passage to the house of Commons, having a liste of divers names, and by command of the Generall seized on divers members of that house, as they were going into the house, and sent them away prisoners about 34 or 35 of them, among which Mr. Crew, Mr. Swinson, Sir William Lewis, Sir John Clotworthy, &c."

And though rather out of the order of date, we shall finish this portion of our illustration by Lord Leicester's account of Cromwell's interference with the same body in 1653.

"Wednesday, 20th April. The Parlemtent sitting as usual, and being on debate upon the Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have bin passed that day, the Lord Generall Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes, with gray worsted stockings, and sate down as he used to do in an ordinary place. After a while he rose up, putt off his hat, and spake; at the first and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parlemtent, for their paines and care of the publick good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest and other faults; then he said, 'Perhaps you thinke this is not Parlemtentary language, I confesse it is not, neither are you to expect any such from me,' then he putt on his hat, went out of his place, and walked up and downe the stage or floore in the midst of the House, with his hat on his head, and chid them soundly, looking sometimes, and pointing particularly upon some persons, as Sir R. Whitlock, one of the Commissioners for the Greate Seale, Sir Henry Vane, to whom he gave very sharpe language, though he named them not, but by his gestures it was well known that he meant them. After this he said to Corronell Harrison, (who was a Member of the House) 'Call them in,' then Harrison went out, and presently brought in Lieutenant Collonell Wortley, (who commanded the Generall's own regiment of foote,) with five or six files of musqueteers, about 20 or 30, with theyr musquets, then the Generall, pointing to the Speaker in his chayre, said to Harrison, 'Fetch him downe;' Harrison went to the Speaker, and spoke to him to come down, but the Speaker sate still, and said nothing. 'Take him down,' said the Generall; then Harrison went and pulled the Speaker by the gowne, and he came downe. It happened that day, that Algernon Sydney sate next to the Speaker on the right hand; the Generall said to Harrison, 'Put him out,' Harrison spake to Sydney to go out, but he said he would not go out, and sate still. The Generall said again, 'Put him out,' then Harrison and Wortley putt theyr hands upon Sydney's shoulders, as if they would force him to go out, then he rose and went towards the doore. Then the Generall went to the table where the mace lay, which used to be carryed before the Speaker, and said, 'Take away these baubles;' so the soldiers tooke away the mace, and all the House went out; and at the going out, they say, the Generall said to young Sir Henry Vane, calling him by his name, that he might have prevented this extraordinary course, but he was a Juggler, and had not so much as common honesty. All being gon out, the doore of the House was locked, and the key with the mace was carryed away, as I heard, by Corronell Oley."

Reverting to an anterior epoch, we shall insert the Earl's opinion of the battle of Preston:

"When the House was re-constituted according to Cromwell's pleasure, in July, and it was ordered among other things, 'That no person be employ'd or admitted into the service of the House, but such as the House shall be satisfyed of his reall godlinesse;' the Journal remarks under date of the 11th, 'This day Sergeant Berkehead, Sergeant at Arms to the Parlemtent, attended upon the House with the mace which was carryed before Mr. Speaker, and used as to former Parlemtents, &c. It seems the Lieutenant Generall hath caused the baubles to be restored again."

"Langdale is said to rayle at the Scotts both for treachery and cowardise. Hamilton rayles at the English, that he sayth invited him to come into England, and betrayed him, and sayth he will discover who called him in. The Cavalier party, as in a letter from Mr. Montague, 30th August, and Pragmaticus of the 22d August to 29th, say that Hamilton and Baily were corrupted with money by the Parlement, and so betrayed both theyr army and the King's cause. But the truth of this, time may hereafter manifest; for my part I beleve it not, but I think rather that the valour of the English got the victory over the cowardlines of the Scotts: God encouraging the one in theyr just cause, and dishonouring the other for their ingratitude and unfaithfulness to the English nation."

The execution of the King has been so frequently and minutely detailed, that we will only select one extract relating to it from the Journal.

"The executioners were two, and disguised in saylors clothes, with vizards and perukes unknown; yet some have a conceit that he that gave the stroke was one Collonell Foxe, and the other Captain Joyce, who took the King from Holmby, but that is not beleved. This I heard for certain, that Gregory Brandon, the common hangman of London, refused absolutely to do it, and professed that he would be shott or otherwise killed rather than do it."

Soon after the death of the King the ambition of Cromwell was more openly displayed. In 1649, on the 7th of June, "A great feast was made at Grocer's Hall, by the Lord Mayor and City, to the House of Commons, the Generall, Lieutenant Generall, Lord President, &c.—At dinner the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. William Lenthall, now entitled Speaker of the Parlement of England, sate at the boards end, the highest place. On his right hand Lord Fairfax, Lord Generall: on the left hand Sergeant Bradshaw, Lord President of the Councell of State; next to the Lord Generall sate the Earle of Pembroke, and by him the Earle of Salisbury. Next to the Lord President sate Lieutenant Generall Cromwell, and so the rest of the House of Commons and Councell of State. The Lord Mayor sate at another table of which there were four in all. The Generall was presented with a basin and ewer of gold, in which was a thousand pound in gold. The Lieutenant Generall had a present of a cupboard of sylver plate, and 500 pound in money."

Dinners in the city were better *then* than they are even *now*; though we hear the present Mayoralty is most munificent. But the rise of Cromwell is still more marked, within another month or six weeks, when he eclipses Fairfax and all the other authorities.

"The 10th July.—This evening (being Tuesday about 5 o'clock), the Lord Lieutenant of Irland, (that is, Lieutenant Generall Cromwell,) began his journey by the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage, as the like hath hardly bin seene; himselfe in a coche with six gallant Flanders mares, reddish grey; divers coches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army; his life guard consisting of 80 gallant men, the meanest whereof is a Commander, or Esquire, in stately habits, with trumpets sounding, almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it bin now standing. Of his life guard, many are Collonells; and beleve it, it is such a garde, as is hardly to be paralleled in the world."

With this, the sequel of this extraordinary man's career being familiar to every one, we shall close our observations on the Journal: the Letters yet remain to be noticed. These are not very numerous, and some of them (inserted here to

preserve the connection) have appeared before. One of the others, especially, is of high importance, as it gives Algernon Sydney's own statement of the share he took in the condemnation of the king. We hasten to quote it—it is addressed to his father, and dated Venice, October 12, 1660:

"My Lord—I did write to your lordship twice from Augsburg, I have littel to add to what I then sayed, unless it be in relation to something from him who was my colleague. I think he intends nothing less than my hurt, but doubt he may doe me very much. Not knowing at all the grounds of my proceedings in Denmark, which I thinke is the principall thing objected against me, he will be subject to aggravate that, which he doth intend to attenuate. I doe in that whole businesse referre myself wholly to my tow last letters to your lordship, being assured nobody knowes my mind upon that point, unless it be thoes, that have seene them, or somme few words inserted into others written at the same time. He also mentions another point, but so obscurely, that I understand it not, noe other person having spoken one word of it, which is, that there is something in the *Clerk of the Courts book*,\* that put the King to death, which doth much prejudice me. I doe not knowe the particulars, but the truth of what passed I doe very well remember. I was at Penshurst, when the act for the triall passed, and cominge up to towne I heard my name was put in, and that those that were nominated for judges wear then in the painted chamber. I presently went thither, heard the act read, and found my owne name with others. A debate was raised how they should proceed upon it, and after having bin sometime silent to hear what thoes would say, whoe had had the directing of that businesse, I did positively oppose Cromwell, Bradshawe, and others, whoe would have the triall to goe on, and drewe my reasons from theis two points: First, the King *could be tried by noe court*; secondly, that *noe man* could be tried by that court. This being alleged in vain, and Cromwell using these formal words (I tell you, wee will cut off his head with the crowne upon it,) I replied: you may take your own course, I cannot stop you, but I will keep myself cleare from having any hand in this businesse, immediately went out of the roome, and never returned. This is all that passed publicly, or that can with truth be recorded, or taken notice of. I had an intention, which is not very fit for a letter.† Somme few moneths after, it was moved in the House, that none should be of the Councell of State, but those that had signed the order for the King's death; that motion soon fell; the company appearing unfit for such a work. Afterwards it was moved, that none should be of the Councell but such as would subscribe a paper, declaring their approbation of that act; calling that a test whereby thoes that wear close and sure unto the worke in hand, might be distinguished from thoes that were not. I opposed that, and having given such reasons as I could to justify my opinion, I chanced to use this expression, that such a test would prove a snare to many an honest man, but every knave would slip through it; the Lord Grey of Grooby tooke great exceptions at this; and sayed I had called all those knaves, that had signed the order; upon which there was a hot debate, somme defending, others

\* The name of Algernon Sydney occurs twice in the list of the Commissioners who assembled for the trial of the King, published in the Clerk of the Court's book. The days upon which he attended their meetings were Monday the 15th, and Friday the 19th of January; upon which occasions the Court sate privately. On the Monday following, it appears from the Journal of the Earl of Leicester, that he went to Penshurst, where he remained till the 28th, which, with the exception of his previous attendance upon the Monday, coincides with Sydney's account of his part in that transaction.

† Probably the deposition of the King.

blaming what I had sayed, but all mistaking the true sense of it: and I was not hasty to explaine myself. Harry Marten saved me the trouble of doing it all, by saying that indeed such expressions did sound something harsh, when they related to such actions, in which many of my brethren had been engaged; but that the error of him who tooke exceptions, was much greater than mine, for I had sayed only, that every knave might slip through, and not that every one who did slip through was a knave. I mention these tow things as publike ones, of which I can have many witnesses, and they had soe ill effects as to my particular concernements, as to make Cromwell, Bradshawe, Harrison, Lord Grey and others, my enemies, who did from that time continually oppose me: Love to truth, rather than expectation of successe, perswades me to give your lordship this information, which you may be pleased to make use of, as you see occasion."

Sydney desired to be restored to his country, but his stubborn character made him stand on very proud grounds, as these letters abundantly manifest. Indeed, his temper seems to have been determined and unmoveable, or, as those who dislike him might say, fierce and aristocratical. His own elder brother, Lord Lisle, (in an original MS. at Penshurst,) thus speaks of him in a letter to their father—

"And then, my Lord, I have my constant sorrow, to see your Lordship never omits an opportunity of reproach to me; and in earnest, I thinke, laying all other matters asyde, this which hath appeared most eminently upon this occasion is very extraordinary; that the younger sonne should so domineer in the house, that not only in regard to this matter which I have spoken of, but at all times, I am uncertayne whether I can have the liberty to looke at it or no—for it seems, it is not only his chamber, but the great rooms of the house, and perhaps the whole, that he commands; and upon this occasion, I think I may most properly saye it, that his extreme vanity and want of judgment are so well knowne, that there will be some wonder at it; for my owne part I submit all to your Lordship, and am your very obedient son,

P. Lisle.

Sydney, however, speaks more manfully for himself, in endeavouring to procure leave to return in safety to his native land. We think the following curious:

"I have bin long doubtfull of my condition in England, wavering betweene the opinions expressed by somme of my friends, in their letters, and my owne. The letters of the tow last posts, have put me out of that uncertainty, and shew me plainly, what I am to expect. My resolution upon that is easily taken, for though I can very joyfully retire myself, into as private a life as any man in England is in, I have too well learnt, under the government of the Cromwells, what it is to live under the protection of thoes, unto whom I am thought an enemy, to expose myself willingly unto the same, I acknowledge that I owe all duty and service unto the king, as to my lawfull soveraigne; and would live as quietly under his government, as any man within his dominions; but unless he did by some act of favour or trust, shewe that he is reconciled to me, as unto others, that have, as well as I, bin of a party contrary unto his and his father's, I shall be ever suspected, and often affronted, and upon every littell tumult that may happen, be exposed to ruine. I know the uncessance of this posture by experience, and can find noe other way of preserving myself from it, but by keeping one this side the sea: whilst I am here, I would willingly have come over, to give an account of what businesse had passed through my hands, or what I had learnt relating unto this

parts; but finding myself and my proceedings disowned and slighted, I cannot expect, that either the king or his council will give me the hearing, or receive any account from me; soe that I find nothing more unnecessary, than to expose myself to trouble to give it. I choose this voluntary exile, as the least evil condition that is within my reach. It is bitter, but not soe much soe, as the others that are in my prospect. I am in an ill condition to make a long journey: if I came into England, and stayed a moneth or tow, I should be in a worse, and perhaps not able to come away, when I desire it. I have not yet resolved upon the place of my residence; but I dislike all the drunken countries of Germany, and the north, and am not much inclined to France. I think I shall choose Italy. I can from Hamburg, by ordinary journeys at a small charge, as I am informed, be at Mantua or Milan, in sixteene or eightene dayes, and from thence easily to some place, that I shall finde convenient to reside in."

The following is more honourable to his integrity:

"I knowe myself to be in a condition, that for all circumstances is as ill as outward things can make it; this is my only consolation, that when I call to remembrance as exactly as I can, all my actions relating to our civil distempers, I cannot finde one, that I can look upon as a breach of the rules of justice or honour; this is my strenght, and, I thank God, by this I enjoy very serene thoughts. If I loose this, by vile and unworthy submissions, acknowledgement of errors, asking of pardon, or the like, I shall from that moment be the miserablest man alive, and the scorn of all men. I knowe the titles that are given me, of fierce, violent, seditious, mutinous, turbulent, and many others of the like nature, but God that gives me inward peace in my outward troubles, doth knowe, that I doe in my hart choose an innocent, quiet retirement, before any place unto which I could hope to raise myself by those actions which they condemne, and did never put myself upon any of them, but when I could not enjoy the one, or thought the other my duty. If I could write and talk like Coll. Hutchinson, or Sir Gilbert Pickering; I believe I might be quiet; contempt might procure my safety; but I had rather be a vagabond all my life, than buy my being in my own country at soe deare a rate; and if I could have bowed myself according to my interest, perhaps I was not soe stupid, as not to knowe the wayes of settling my affaires at home, or making a good provision for staying abroad, as well as others, and did not want credit to attaine unto it; but I have bin theis many years outstripped by those that were below me, whilst I stopped at those things, that they easily leaped over. What shall I say? It hath bin my fortune from my youth, and will be soe to my grave, by which my designes in the world will perpetually miscarry. But I knowe people will say, I straine at knats, and swallows camels; that it is a strange conscience, that lets a man runne violently on, till he is deepe in civil blood, and then stays at a few words and complements; that can earnestly endeavour to extirpate a long established monarchy, and then cannot be brought to see his error, and be persuaded to set one finger towards the setting together the broken pieces of it. It will be thought a strange extravagance for one, that esteemed it noe dishonour, to make himself equall unto a great many meane people, and belowe some of them, to make warre upon the king; and is ashamed to submitte unto the king, now he is encompassed with all the nobles of the land, and in the height of his glory, soe that none are soe happy as those that can first them selves at his feete. I have enough to

answere all this in my owne minde; I cannot helpe it if I judge amisse; I did not make myself, nor can I correct the defects of my own creation. I walk in the light God hath given me; if it be dimme or uncertaine, I must beare the penalty of my errors: I hope to doe it with patience, and that noe burden shall be very grievous to me, except sinne and shame."

When accused of having used injurious expressions, which could not be forgotten or forgiven, his defence is also straight-forward and able.

"Noe exceptions are soe fit for one, who seeks not to be satisfied, as words: they are in their own nature subject to various interpretations, and are almost ever variously reported: The true sense of them depends upon the time, place, occasion, persons, what went before, what followed, and a multitude of other circumstances, which makes the intricacy so vaste, as all defence is impossible: Who can answer for what he hath sayed in eightene years of a party, unto which he professed utter enmity? I doe in my hart believe, that I never made many discourses that are reported of me, at least, not in the manner in which they are reported: yet cannot I say they are absolutely false: soome such thing may have passed that I have forgotten, that would make my assertion a lye, or at least it would be thought soe. How can I apply myself unto a justification, in such things wherein it is impossible for me to know, whether I speak true or false? Or though I could remember all that is now objected, I can noe sooner justify myself in one point, but a multitude of others will be alleged against me. Such an unlimited accusation, is a Hydra, I can no sooner strike off one head, but ten more rise up against me in the place of it, fuller of poison than the former. Or if I could destroy them all, by giving a rational justification in every point, and could convince the King in all; who shall oblige him to say he is satisfied?"

We could enrich our columns with many other striking examples from these letters; but enough has been done to show that they merit public attention, beyond what a Review can gratify. To the the public, therefore, we recommend the volume; and conclude with two very short anecdotes. The King of Sweden's death-bed is rendered remarkable by a very powerful expression.

"About eleven of the clock on the 12th of February, he tooke his bed, and within an hour after died, having spent part of that short time in discourse with his servants; the rest in private meditation; after which, he was heard to say, 'Lord, when I can no longer speak, hearken unto my sighs,' and presently expired."

Sydney acknowledges the truth of the annexed charge:

"The University of Copenhagen brought their album unto you, desiring you to write something therein, and that you did write in altho these words: 'Manus hæc inimica tyranni.'"

and put your name to them."

This was one of the acts which made him a banished man; but he denies another report, that when Charles II. was alluded to by the King of Denmark, he (Sydney) asked, "Est ce notre bandit?"

Again we commend this volume to our readers.

\* Charles X.

*Songs of a Stranger.* By Louisa Stuart Costello. Published for the Author by Taylor & Hessey. 1825.

A very sweet and unassuming little volume, written with all the grace and feeling of woman's inspiration. Many a traveller's tale turned to the use of poetry; some neat translations from the Italian; and some songs of love and sorrow—

such are its contents. It is a simple but pretty garden, and we cannot do better than gather one or two of its flowers.

Say not my years too few have been  
To learn the world's deceit,—  
That seldom, in life's varied scene,  
May youth and sorrow meet:  
Will sorrow be content to sleep  
Till time has roused its power:—  
Is there a date to learn to weep—  
Comes it not every hour?  
The fatal word by fate impress'd  
On childhood's tender page,  
Childs every joy of youth to rest,  
And leaves a life of age.  
And though a momentary light  
Might sparkle from my eye,  
'Twas but the meteor of a night—  
No native of the sky!

COMPLAINT OF AMANIEU DES ESCAS,  
A Catalonian Troubadour, who flourished about the end of the thirteenth century, under James II. King of Arragon.

When thou shalt ask why round thee, sighing,  
My mournful friends appear,  
They'll tell thee Ammanien is dying,  
And thou wilt smile to hear.  
They will reproach thee with my fate;—  
Yet, why should they deplore!  
Since death is better than the hate  
I suffer evermore.  
Why chid'st thou that in pensive numbers  
I dared my love to own?  
The kiss we give to one that slumbers  
Is never felt or known.  
And long I strove my thoughts to hide,  
Nor would my weakness show;  
With secret care I should have died,—  
I can but perish now!  
Oh! once I smil'd, in proud derision,  
At love and all its pain:  
The woe of others seems a vision,  
Our own the truth too plain!  
May'st thou yet feel the chilling void  
My soul has known too long!  
When this brief life, thy scorn destroyed,  
Is ended with my song!

So much for our fair Stranger; whose songs, we doubt not, will soon be naturalised amid the lovers of the lute. The volume is, with great propriety, dedicated to Mr. Bowles; and we find, on looking it over, that we have been indebted to the writer for some of her pleasing effusions, under the anonymous signature of M. E. Our opinion of her merits were thus obtained *a priori*; for we allowed her a place in the Literary Gazette, and by the side of poetry such as, we may say without a boast, never graced any periodical publication, till the present period.

*Geographical Memoirs of New South Wales.* By Various Hands, &c. &c. &c. Edited by Barron Field, Esq. F. L. S. late Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, &c. 8vo. pp. 504. London, 1825. John Murray.

This is a *melange* of very dissimilar subjects, and by very different persons, connected with New South Wales. Expeditions, surveys, shipwreck and domestication among the natives, geology, botany, astronomy, meteorology, zoology, are all discussed in its various papers; and the taste must be difficult to be pleased indeed, which does not find many palatable dishes among the number thus served up. We shall follow the courses as they are presented.

A preface, rather inflated in its style,\* apprizes us that the official documents and maps have been allowed by Lord Bathurst and the Commissioners of the Navy; and that all other papers used in the volume have been duly granted by their respective authors. The editor then anticipates great improvement in the colony "from the gubernatorial experience" of the new governor elect, and from the talents of other functionaries and men of science recently appointed to explore its capabilities. He especially alludes to Captain King and Mr. Oxley, in geographical depart-

\* There is a near approach to a Bull in it, where the writer speaks of foreign travellers traversing the *terra incognita* of Borneo: what is traversed *conjecture* to be unknown.



ments; and, in the matter of zoology, to Mr. Brown.

The most important part of the work relates to the discoveries about Moreton Bay and the navigable river Brisbane, about 400 miles to the northward of Port Jackson; apparently a fertile district, and lying in the direction in which it is most expedient to extend colonization. This river bids fair to compensate for the disappointments in the Lachlan and Macquarie; and its existence seems to have been suspected as long ago as 1770, by Captain Cook.

The first paper after the preface, is Mr. Oxley's Report of his ascent up the Brisbane; and this is followed by a still more particular narrative relating to these parts, when visited by Mr. Uniaque in October, 1823. From this relation, without going into less interesting details, we copy the following: Mr. Stirling and Mr. Uniaque had landed on one of the islands in the Bay, with their guns—and "the rock," the latter says, "which formed the base was evidently of volcanic origin: it was of a dark colour, full of small holes and extremely hard, while on the western side were many regular circular cavities, some of which were about four or five yards in diameter at top, and tapered down gradually towards the bottom, which was usually filled with round stones. One of these holes, in particular, had a communication underneath with the sea, and at every returning surf threw up considerable quantities of water with a loud noise. The superincumbent rocks were basaltic, and those of a small rock to the N. W. of the island, as well as those of a bluff headland, immediately opposite on the main, were inferior only in extent to the Giant's Causeway, in the north of Ireland. In ascending to the top of the island, we sank nearly knee-deep at every step in the bird-holes that undermined the surface. The inhabitants of these subterranean dwellings were sooty petrels, mutton-birds, and red-bills, the last very good eating. We shot many of them, as the young ones were full fledged and got up in numbers round us, when disturbed by our falling into their holes. On the top of the island we were surprised to see some hundred pelicans seated quietly near their young, who, with the eggs, covered a considerable space. They did not appear at all intimidated, although they must have heard the reports of our guns several times. However, on our giving them a volley, which they did not seem to care more for than if it came from pop-guns, they slowly took flight, screaming frightfully. These birds were at least five feet high, and from the peculiar formation of the bill, the effect of such a multitude, drawn up as if in regular order, was very singular. Having taken a few of the young ones, and eggs, we were proceeding to the place where we landed, when we observed what appeared to be part of a wreck on the N. W. point of the island. We immediately proceeded towards it, not without expressing a hope that it might prove the vessel of that unfortunate and universally lamented navigator, La Perouse, who is generally supposed to have perished somewhere in these latitudes, having never been heard of since he left Port Jackson in the year 1789. It appeared to be the larboard quarter, with part of the stern and quarter-deck of a vessel of at least three hundred tons. The plank, which was of oak, was not yet totally destroyed. Though we formed a variety of ingenious conjectures on the subject, we could find nothing about the wreck by which we could at all determine what she had been."

At night they left this island, named *Turtle*, from their catching several large turtles upon it; and Mr. U. continues—"We experienced a very severe gale, but as it was in our favour it did not much annoy us; and when it ceased, the next

day, it fell quite calm, and the sea appeared perfectly alive with fish. The bonitas, skip-jacks, and other fish, were leaping in every direction as far as the eye could reach, while immediately round the vessel were several large sharks, but we were not fortunate enough to catch any.

—"In all parts of the harbour we saw a great many green and black snakes playing about in the water, while the number and boldness of the sharks exceeded credibility. They were continually striking at the oars, and one large one very nearly pulled the steer-oar out of Mr. Pen-son's hand."

At length, the journal states, "we came to an anchor in Pumice-stone River, Moreton Bay, within 150 yards of the shore, in the very place where Captain Flinders had anchored twenty-two years before, on discovering the harbour, which, I believe, has not been since visited by Europeans. Scarcely was the anchor let go, when we perceived a number of natives, at the distance of about a mile, advancing rapidly towards the vessel; and on looking at them with the glass from the mast-head, I observed one who appeared much larger than the rest, and of a lighter colour, being a light copper, while all the others were black. This I pointed out to Mr. Stirling, so that we were all on the look-out when they approached; and to our surprise and satisfaction, when opposite the vessel, the man hailed us in English. The boat was immediately launched, and Messrs. Oxley, Stirling, and I, went ashore in her. While approaching the beach, the natives showed many signs of joy, dancing and embracing the white man, who was nearly as wild as they. He was perfectly naked, and covered all over with white and red paint, which the natives make use of. His name, it appeared, was Thomas Pamphlet. He had left Sydney on the 21st March last, in an open boat, to bring cedar from the Five Islands, about fifty miles to the S. of Port Jackson. There were three others with him, but the boat being driven out to sea by a gale of wind, they had suffered inconceivable hardships, being twenty-one days without water, during which time one of them died of thirst; and they had at length been wrecked on Moreton Island, which forms one side of Moreton Bay, in the upper part of which we were now lying. He was so bewildered with joy that we could make very little out of his story that night; so having distributed a few knives, handkerchiefs, &c. among the friendly blacks, we returned on board, taking him with us. He now informed us that his two surviving companions, Richard Parsons and John Finnegan, after having travelled in company with him to the place where we found him, had, about six weeks before, resolved to prosecute their way towards Sydney; that he had accompanied them about fifty miles, but his feet becoming so sore that he was unable to travel further, he had resolved to return to the blacks, with whom we found him, and who had before treated him with great kindness; that a few days after they parted, Parsons and Finnegan having quarrelled, the latter also returned, and had since remained with him, but had been absent the last fortnight with the chief of the tribe on a hunting expedition; and that Parsons had not been heard of since his departure."

Both these men are found, and from Pamphlet and them many particulars are gathered respecting the Natives among whom they had sojourned.

"In their journeys the women are obliged to carry heavy burthens, consisting of whatever rude utensils they may possess, together with a large quantity of fern-root, which forms a part of their daily food, and not unfrequently two or three children besides. The men carry nothing but a spear, and perhaps a fire-stick; and their only employ-

ment consists in catching fish; this they do very expertly with a kind of hoop-net, which they use in the following manner: They go out in equal parties of four, six, or eight, each man having two nets. They then walk along the beach till they perceive the fish near the shore, which (from constant practice) they are enabled to do at a depth of four or five feet. As soon as this takes place, a little boy, who accompanies each party, creeps towards the water on his hands and knees; the party then divide, forming two lines, one on each side of the boy, at a distance of two or three yards, and as soon as the fish are sufficiently near, the boy throws among them a handful of sand, so as to distract their attention, when the men instantly rush into the water, forming a semicircle round the fish, each man standing between his two nets, which he then draws close together. In this manner they are seldom unsuccessful, and frequently catch more than they can consume. As they never travel without fire, the moment the fish are out of the water, they commence roasting and eating them, which they do without cleansing or any other preparation; and when they have satisfied themselves, should any remain, they carry them home for their women and children, who have been employed during the day in procuring fern-root, which they call *dingoes*, and a part of which they give the men in exchange for fish. When Pamphlet arrived among them, they had no more idea that water could be made hot than that it could be made solid; and on his heating some in a tin pot which he had saved when wrecked, the whole tribe gathered round them and watched the pot till it began to boil, when they all took to their heels, shouting and screaming; nor could they be persuaded to return till they saw him pour the water out and clean the pot, when they slowly ventured back, and carefully covered the place where the water was spilt with sand. During the whole of our countrymen's stay among them, they were never reconciled to this operation of boiling.

"Both sexes go perfectly naked; nor are the females at all abashed at appearing in that state before a stranger. They do not seem to have any ornaments, though they were much gratified with strips of red cloth and bunting, with which we decorated their heads; and some of the scarlet tail-feathers of a black cockatoo, which I gave them, had nearly produced a quarrel among them. Several articles of clothing were also given them, but they were invariably taken off and hidden as soon as they arrived at their camp; nor did we see ever any article again after they once became possessed of it.

"Each individual of this tribe, above the age of six years, had the cartilage of the nose perforated, and many of them (especially the children) wore large pieces of stick or bone thrust through it, in such a manner as completely to stop the nostrils. This operation is always performed by the same person, whose office is hereditary, and confers some privileges, such as receiving fish, &c. from the others. It was held in this tribe by a fine intelligent young man, who was called the Doctor by our men. His father held a similar situation in another tribe on the south side of the river.

"These tribes are distinguished from each other by the different colours they use in painting their bodies. Those on the north side blacken themselves all over with charcoal and bees' wax, which, with wild honey, they procure in abundance; and those on the south side paint themselves with a sort of red jasper, which they burn and reduce to a powder. Other tribes make use of a white pigment, with which (having previously blackened themselves) they daub



various parts of their body. Their chief appeared to possess an unlimited authority over them; he was a tall, middle-aged man, with an intelligent countenance. He had two wives, which (though it sometimes occurs) does not seem to be common among them. However, only one of them lived with him as a wife; the other was employed, while he ate or slept, in going among the other huts and collecting from their inhabitants fish, fern-root, &c.—a tribute which was daily paid to him without murmuring, although the rest of the tribe in consequence occasionally fell short themselves. The chief possesses nets both for fish and kangaroo, but seldom uses them except for his amusement. Neither does his head wife ever go out to gather fern-root with the rest of the women. The same practice of scarifying themselves with sharp shells prevails here, as at Sydney; but most of these Indians were cut more deeply, and all with great regularity. The women here, as at Sydney, all lose the first two joints of the little finger of the left hand; but the men do not extract a front tooth on their approach to puberty, as is invariably the case in the vicinity of Port Jackson. The amputation of the finger is performed by the same person who bores the noses.

"Pamphlet and Finnegan, while among the Indians, were regularly painted twice a day, and were frequently importuned to allow themselves to be further ornamented by scarifying the body and boring the nose; but on their signifying that they did not wish it, the natives always desisted; nor was any violence used against them during their whole residence.

"I could not ascertain that these people had any idea whatever of religion. They do not stand in awe of either good or evil spirits; nor did the Englishmen we found with them ever observe anything like religious ceremony or prayer among them, during all the time of their residence.

"The women are far more fortunate than those in the neighbourhood of Sydney, where they are abused in the most cruel way by the men; and where the marriage ceremony consists of seizing the bride and beating her till she is senseless. Pamphlet assured me that, during his residence among these natives (nearly seven months), he never saw a woman struck or ill-treated except by one of her own sex. Indeed, save among the women, he never saw a quarrel in that or any other tribe he was with. The women that I saw were far superior in personal beauty to the men, or indeed to any natives of this country whom I have yet seen. Many of them are tall, straight, and well formed; and there were two, in particular, whose shape and features were such as no white woman need have been ashamed of.

"This tribe amounted in number to about thirty men, sixteen or seventeen women, and about twenty children. Their quarrels with neighbouring tribes are frequent, and often end fatally. As some of them were witnessed by Pamphlet and his companion, it may not be uninteresting to insert here the description which they gave me of two, at which they were present, and which I took down at the moment. That which Finnegan describes may be considered as the most faithful, as he witnessed it only two days before we found him, and the particulars were then strongly impressed on his mind."

Many tribes assembled to witness this encounter, which arose out of a quarrel between two persons belonging to different bodies.

"We shortly," Finnegan tells, "arrived at a level piece of ground, in which had been dug a circular pit about forty feet in diameter. I was now left in care of the chief's wife at a short distance from this pit; but being anxious to view the fight, in spite of her en-

deavours, I went up towards it. She, however, followed me, calling out and weeping; upon which one of the men of our tribe came to me, and, taking my hand, led me up to the pit. I there saw a woman of my tribe, and one of another, fighting desperately with sticks. The battle did not, however, last long, as they appeared to be quite in earnest! and in five minutes their heads, arms, &c. being dreadfully cut and swelled, our woman was declared the conqueror, the other not being able any longer to oppose her. The victory was announced by a loud shout from all parties, and the amazonian combatants were immediately carried away by their respective friends. The man who had brought me to the pit still continued to hold my hand, and I observed his whole body tremble like an aspen leaf. The chief's wife now came again to me, and endeavoured by every means in her power to force me away; but finding I still refused, she went for her husband, who immediately came, and taking away my spear, forced me out of the crowd. He then called several other chiefs around me, and showed me to them. This caused great talking and laughing among them, from surprise at my colour and appearance. The king then addressed them at some length, apparently asking them not to hurt me, which they gave me to understand by signs that they would not. I was then delivered up to our chief's wife once more, who led me back to the place where we were left before. I had however a good view of the pit, round which the whole crowd still remained. I now found that, while I had been engaged with the chiefs, another fight had taken place in the pit, for I presently saw a man carried out by his friends, who were of our tribe, bleeding profusely at the side from a spear-wound. He was brought down to where I was, and placed on two men's knees, with some kangaroo-skins spread over him; the men, women, and children howling and lamenting, much in the manner of the lower Irish. They supplied him with water from time to time, but his wound was evidently mortal, and in less than an hour he expired. The chief's wife then took me away a short distance from where he lay, and the whole party set to work immediately to skin him; but from the distance at which I stood, I could not perceive the manner in which they did it. In the mean time two more men had entered the ring to fight; and here it may not be amiss to observe, that previous to each fight the same ceremony is used that is described by Thomas Pamphlet in the combat which he witnessed. The third fight was now going on, while our party were engaged in skinning their deceased companion; when it appeared, from a tremendous shout, that some unlooked-for event had happened in the pit. I afterwards learned that the spectators judged that foul play had taken place between the combatants. The crowd, upon this, drew away from the pit; and our party, accompanied by those tribes that were friendly to them, formed themselves in a line, while their adversaries did the same opposite to them. The battle then became general. Several from each side would advance, and having thrown their spears, again retire to the line, in the manner of light infantry. Others would get behind the trees, and there watch an opportunity to hurl their spears with greater effect. In this manner the fight continued upwards of two hours, during which time many retired from the line severely wounded, and another man of our party was killed. What number may have been killed on the other side I had no means of ascertaining. Our party now began to give way, which being observed by the women and children with whom I was, they made signs to me to accompany them; and with the exception of those who were employed in skin-

ning the body, we made off. Not being able, however, to run as fast as the rest, I was soon in the midst of the opposite party, who, however, notwithstanding my fears, did not attempt to hurt me, but merely laughed and pointed at me as they passed by, showing the same marks of wonder as the chiefs had done in the morning. I then walked back to the huts which we had left that morning, but found nobody there. However, I sat down by the fire, and towards evening they began to return, a few at a time. Just before dark I saw a large crowd approach, who (it seems) were bringing the bodies of the two men who had been killed. They laid them down about twenty rods from the huts, and began a great lamentation over them. The first body was completely flayed, but they had not yet had leisure to skin the other. I attempted to approach, but was immediately prevented by all hands, and forced to return to the fire. Shortly afterwards our chief and his wife came back, and instantly commenced packing up their nets, &c. in order to depart. Two large fires were lighted where the bodies lay, in which, as I judged from the noise as well as the offensive smell, they were both consumed. Immediately after this our whole party decamped; and having travelled more than half a mile, we stopped for the night. Very early next morning we again started, and travelled all day with great expedition, without ever halting or eating anything. Among our party were four women and three men wounded, the latter very severely. They however contrived, though with difficulty, to keep up with us. I had observed, during this day's march, two men, one of whom belonged to our tribe, and another to a tribe which was friendly to us, each of whom carried something on his shoulder, but did not keep the same path with us, walking through the bush at a little distance abreast of us. Being curious to know what it was they carried, I attempted several times to approach them; but as soon as this was observed, I was invariably brought back by the others, who made signs to me not to go near them. We travelled that day about eight or ten miles, and towards evening arrived at the edge of a large swamp, where we halted, and huts were instantly erected by the women, who were afterwards obliged to go out and procure fern-root for the whole party, the men never providing anything but fish or game. I lodged as usual with the chief, at a little distance from whose hut I observed the two men hang up their burthens, which I again attempted to approach, but was (as before) prevented. Here we remained two days, during which a large fire was kept constantly burning underneath the trees on which these mysterious burthens were hanging. On the evening of the second day, I once more attempted to find out what they consisted, though I strongly suspected they were the skins of the two men who had been killed. The old chief, on seeing me go near them, ran after me, calling loudly to me to return; but I persevered, and at last reached the place. I now saw that my conjecture was right: the two skins were stretched each on four spears, and drying over the fire. The skin of the head was divided into two parts, and hung down with the hair on it. The soles of the feet and palms of the hands were also hanging down, and the nails still attached firmly to the skin. Several of the men and women were sitting round the fire under the skins, and now invited me to sit down with them, which I did. They then gave me some kangaroo skin to decorate my arms and head, and seemed to wish me to sing to them; but on my making signs that it was not proper to do so while the remains of our friends were not buried, they seemed surprised, and afterwards told me by signs that they were

much pleased at my refusal. After sitting with them about half an hour, the chief's wife came and brought me back to the hut. Shortly afterwards, all the men dressed themselves in kangaroo-skins, and one of them in an old rug jacket which I had, and with one or two of the women, held a consultation round the fire, each person having a fire-stick in his hand. After conversing about half an hour, two of the party separated from the rest, and having taken down the skins, set off at full speed through the bush; the rest followed, shouting and making much noise. After this I saw nothing more of the skins, nor do I know what became of them. In about three-quarters of an hour the party returned; and the man who had taken my old jacket gave it me back. The next morning we returned towards the Pumicestone River by the same path which we had travelled to the fight, and the natives followed their usual occupations of fishing and hunting, as if nothing had happened."

The adventures of the three shipwrecked men, if their story can be relied upon, are strange enough: certainly they do not appear to be fully overcharged; although errors are quite obvious.

The next paper treats of a route from Bathurst to Liverpool plains; but as all these accounts are distinct, we may here pause without a break in our subject.

To-day in Ireland. 3 vols. London, 1825.

C. Knight.

THERE is nothing new under the sun, said the wisest of men, some centuries ago. To this aphorism we beg leave to oppose another, if not of the same high antiquarian authority, at least of a very respectable old age—that the wisest of men may be mistaken. Would not King Solomon, in all his glory, have felt his magnificence as nothing, before the consummate taste of a modern Exquisite, built by Stultz and breathing of Bond-street? What would Icarus have given for a place in Mr. Graham's balloon? What would Atalanta have thought if her swiftness had been outdone by a tea-kettle? How would Æchylus have immortalized the persequer, whose wig might have saved his life? What a comfort it would have been to the two brothers of ancient story, who hanged themselves in consequence of the biting satire of the Grecian bard, if they had lived in modern times, when, instead of hanging themselves, they might have prosecuted the poet, and exchanged their rope for damages for a libel! Have not potters and pamphlets, cannons and cards, museums and mantons, dioramas and dandies, been invented since those days? Or, if King Solomon wished his remark further proved void and of none effect, let him be introduced into the republic of letters, and let him be asked: "King Solomon, did you ever read a review, meditate on a magazine, or ruminate on a romance?" He would, of a surety, answer no; and thus admit the existence of novelties. And even the fortunate race of the present day, who have the advantage of so many centuries' experience over the Jewish monarch,—even they must admit how much the spirit of the time is changed, (if only within the last twenty years;) and in nothing more than in its literary spirit. From being the Pavia of Literature, stigmatized by mammas and disclaimed by young ladies, novel writing has, and is rapidly gaining caste, and taking a high station in the Temple of Fame; the wit of the comic writer, the pathos of the poet, the observation of the philosopher, and the research of the antiquarian, have alike been employed on this branch of composition. As is usual with all things of earth, he river whose waves flow with gold brings also

a proportionate, or rather disproportionate, quantity of dirt, ooze, and slime. In like manner, the press brings forth, together with its good, a very sufficient supply of rubbish: and, even now, there is ample contrast to make a good novel any thing but common-place.

Ireland has been so long the debatable land of newspapers, pamphlets, &c. that we are glad to see the ground taken by a more amusing occupier, at least; and the present is armed at all points, with an eye to see and a mouth to laugh.

Connemara is, we think, one of the best written tales of the five which these volumes contain. The following humorous, but good humoured, sketch of a very recognizable portrait, will be a fair introduction of the author and his style. We should preface by mentioning, that Dick M'Loughlin has come to Ireland in a coffin, for a treble purpose; viz. to escape his creditors, win a bet, and be re-elected for the county which he is wont to represent in Parliament.

"From Cork and Kerry to Londonderry," as O'Doherty hath it, "there never was a better fellow than Dick M'Loughlin. He was a very prince; ay, every inch a king" in his own domains; where none durst approach within fifty yards of his majesty without hat in hand;—his word was a law to the bogs, his smile sunshine, that would make even a clump of black turf rejoice with gladness; and as to his frown, it was withering, 'twas annihilation. Philosophers say, that the possession of absolute power will corrupt the purest heart, and infect with the bile of tyranny even the most benign disposition:—a fig for such philosophy,—the monarch of Connemara was a living lie to the proposition. For, in all the plenitude of his power, against which the very waves of his neighbour and well-beloved cousin the Atlantic might rise in vain, Dick was the most generous, most benevolent, tender-hearted, and philanthropic of mankind. Have my readers ever beheld that ingenious work of art degraded, in the beautiful city of Cloyne, into the sign of a *shebeen*?—but let that pass; there is the parson, who saith, *I pray for all*; the red-coat who *figs*; the ruddy visage of John Bull that declares, in a circular space resembling the puff of a tobacco-pipe, *I pay*. Now Dick should be the sixth *all*, next in rank to John, not that he pays for all or any; *that*, for some reason or other, not being his *forte*; but this being his superscription, *I feel for all*, his right hand pressed upon his left breast.

"And never could the flattering art of limning hit upon attitude or expression more just,—for Dick was a philanthropist *par excellence*, one that did not confine his sympathies to the limited and biped portion of humanity, but extended them, with the impulse of a true Irish heart, throughout the whole sentient kingdom of Nature. That 'noble animal the horse,' as a brother potentate of Dick's would say, was the object of his prime regard; bulls and bullocks he protected; and for cows, his breast overflowed with the milk of human kindness. In short, he was the very Saturn of the hoofed tribe; and the golden age of horseflesh and of cowflesh is to be dated from the commencement of the nineteenth century. The canine and the feline species also went not without his protection; and his statesman-like views extended to the amelioration of the condition of caterpillars, and the introduction of *enseignement mutuel* amongst the oyster beds of Carlingford.

"The Irish, though 'a persecuted and a hard drinking people,' are, nevertheless, a sentimental one, especially after dinner. And at such seasons, which they boast as 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,'—in the interpretation of which you may read, a devilled drumstick for reason, and whiskey for soul,—they are very fond

of instituting a comparison between Dick M'Loughlin and Rousseau. I cannot say but that this Frenchman is a most convenient personage to all character-limners, whether historians, critics, or essayists. There is no genius under the sun that cannot be compared or contrasted with him. Thomas Moore found out Byron, one day, to be a ditto of him; and Lord John Russell, but he other, discovered his fellow in Burke. Now let me try my hand at a comparison between the French Philosopher and the Irish monarch.

'Both were men whose imagination outstripped their judgment.' Both were eminent philanthropists, and both encountered, for their philanthropic schemes, the ridicule of their more hard-hearted fellows. Both were great men, bestowed by a remote and provincial state to the metropolis, that their presence from time to time adorned. Their situations in life, though different, were not dissimilar;—the monarch ruled over a rude and uncivilized state; and the philosopher took care to uncivilize every subject that entered under his intellectual sway. One persecuted the cruel mob of the English metropolis; the other was persecuted by the unfeeling mob of the French. One, to be sure, was an orator; the other a writer,—but both were equally eloquent; and one, in despite of blunder, and the other, in despite of paradox, seldom failed in the end to convince and win over all hearers to their opinion. In love—but let us draw a veil over the foibles of great men. In debt—why let us do the same. And my comparison is already complete."

The leader of the march into wild Connemara is equally humorously depicted.

"Who has not heard of the gallant and original Peter O'Shaughnessy, that commanded the hundred-and-first in this memorable expedition? Who has not marked his strut down Bond-street, tightly laced by the trappings of his military coat, till the ample casing of his ribs threatened to make its appearance abruptly through the stretched surcoat? Peter was comely, and believed every woman that looked at him, in love with him. The Duchess of Oldenburg, when here, *did* look from the windows of the Pulteney Hotel down upon him, nor could she refrain from laughing at the impertinence with which he nodded to her. It was quite enough for Peter; he thought his fortune secured, and dubbed himself a Prince of Siberia at once. He besought an audience of the Duchess, who granted it; and Peter, to the very great astonishment both of the Princess and the interpreter that was obliged to be present, laid his Irish heart and person at the feet of the Russian Duchess. She thought he must be mad; he vowed he was so, with love of her. She ran away from his importunities; and Peter returned to his friends to tell the story, declaring that nothing but his ignorance of that damned French prevented him from gaining his point. 'The interpreter spoiled all,' said Peter."

One or two aphorisms, in their truth and neatness of expression, and we have done with quotation.

"The world is the best judge of talent, of that faculty calculated to rule it, to lead it, to treat it oysterwise, like Ancient Pistol, and open it. But genius is a metal of more difficult assay, and requires the scrutiny of near approach, the touch of intimacy, to prove it. Even the written records of its power may be called in question; and minds of no superior temper may, by exercise, the habit of excitement, and perhaps artificial stimuli, as the annals of all poetries can witness, acquire the faculty of pouring forth subtilities on paper, calculated to catch the taste of the age; nay, of that age to come, called posterity, which we triumphantly appeal to, as the

true test of fame. Let those who have been intimate with any of the renowned personages, the great creative spirits of our literature, ponder a moment, and consider if such were intrinsically the most superior minds they have ever come in contact with. I think they will, many of them at least, answer, no!—and that it will be found, that some old friend, lost for him and for the world alike in oblivion or imprudence, in insanity, perhaps, or death, is the obscure being to whom each would adjudge, in preference to more bruited names, the possession of intellectual superiority. . . .

"Nothing can be more fatal, than this prematurely forced pride of intellect. The world is so apt to reverse the opinions of tutors and young contemporaries, that such objects of early flattery generally become *esprits manqués*, the victims of disappointment and misanthropy. It tends even to enfeeble the very mind that it prones, and by forcing it to over-wrought hope and premature exertion, to exhaust the powers, which, put into activity at a future period, could not fail to be successful, but which, strained to no purpose in their infant state, become afterwards incapable of due tension. Precocity of genius is but this premature excitement, and its effects are known to us even in proverb. . . .

"There is nothing more flattering and more delighting to a woman at once of sense and feeling, than to captivate a superior intellect, inferior to her in years. The difference of ages is a guarantee against their being enslaved or looked down upon, as would be the case in a connexion with such a mind, on the same level with theirs as to years. In the former case, the one is flattered by the condescending affection of one older; while the other is charmed by the devotions of at once a younger and a superior mind. If the lover do not awake subsequently to worldliness, or the mistress be not unable to preserve her reverence, as well as love, few connexions are more lasting or more happy than between such. Marriage certainly will go very far to dissolve the charm, although even against marriage, it is proof most often; but, if platonic love ever existed, it must have been between persons situated similarly as I have described. . . .

"There is a pleasure in quarrelling, that none but the piqued lover knows, and which it would be an idle attempt to explain. Fancy has generally, ere then, exhausted the store of hope, and hath run over the fair side of the question, till not one new source of happiness is left to imagine;—it then, perforce, turns the canvass, and having spent all its gay colours on one side, it delights to employ its untouched stock of lugubrious ones upon the reverse. If a lover's hope be supreme bliss, a lover's despair is not without its soothing and flattering accompaniments,—so that, on the whole, perhaps he is not vastly to be pitied."

We have only to add a few words of hearty commendation; there is a fund of entertainment in these pages, and the neatness of the humour is a treat for a mental epicure.

#### PARRY'S LAST DAYS OF LORD BYRON.

ON more maturely considering this volume, we find it less needless than we thought to prolong our Review of it. What we last week cited is a fair specimen of its interest; and we certainly anticipate, from its strong statements, that it will elicit more true accounts concerning Lord Byron and Greece than there was a disposition to give to the public. Mr. Parry, though choleric, seems to have said nothing beyond what facts warranted: it is for others to contradict him; and we consider his book to be essential to the knowledge of the many interesting points which its subjects embrace.

#### MY RECOLLECTIONS OF 1814 AND 1815.

As we pledged ourselves to exemplify this curious volume, a little more at length than was convenient in the No. where we introduced its remarkable anecdotes to the acquaintance of the English public, we now fulfil our intention.

Paris in the power of foreigners, and Genoa in that of the English, and I (says the author in 1814) being ignorant of what was passing at Fontainebleau, the only resource I had left was to retire to the fort of Gavi, situated at the distance of two leagues from my residence, and forming part of my little government. I provisioned the fort, which might have sustained a siege, and I was about to shut myself and family up in it, when an event occurred which shows the various temper and ideas of men at a critical moment.

The commandant of the fort was a Corsican colonel, named Coli, who was sent to this remote post in disgrace for having, while only a subaltern, married, contrary to the wishes of the Bonaparte family, a Corsican girl intended for higher destinies. She was the grand-daughter of Napoleon's nurse. He had, on leaving the school of Brienne, stood godfather for her, and given her the name of *Faustine*. I have seen the extract of baptism, signed Napoleon, ten years before this name became so imposing and celebrated. I knew also the grandmother of Faustine; she was about 80, and lived at Gavi with her children, on a pension of 3000 francs, (125*l.*) given by Napoleon.

Coli, condemned to languish in this inferior post, had formed an intimate acquaintance with one Vassali, a resolute man, and one who possessed great influence in the canton. On the eve of Coli's shutting himself up in the fort, on the approach of the English, who had already passed the Bocchetta, Vassali embraced him, and promised him all the services of friendship and good neighbourhood; but the moment he learnt the fall of Napoleon, he declared against the French, and armed the population against the fort and the commandant. Coli, unable to conceive such perfidy, descended from the ramparts alone to talk to him who, but twenty-four hours before, called himself his friend, and the most faithful agent of Napoleon. He entered the town-house unarmed; Vassali had collected there the principal insurgents. "Deliver us up the fort," said they, "resistance is vain." "I have sworn to defend it, and, while I am alive, the fort of Gavi shall never be surrendered to rebels."

At these words, one of the insurgents fired his pistol at Coli, and wounded him dangerously in the arm; and he would have been murdered, had not the troops, who heard the shot, hastened to the spot, rescued him and conveyed him to the fort. Here he had the greatest difficulty in the world to restrain his troop from taking a summary vengeance on Vassali and the insurgents. He ordered a sortie, which he headed himself, notwithstanding his wound. Vassali and his peasants advanced to meet him, and the action commenced. Coli directed his attention principally to the spot where Vassali fought, with his only son, a youth of 17, by his side: when they were surrounded, Coli cried to the troops—"Let the father go, take only the son." Young Vassali was taken prisoner and conducted to the fort, and the people were defeated. The despair of Vassali and his wife may easily be conceived, at their child being Coli's prisoner. Distracted, the latter flew to the outposts, and demanded, in the wildness of despair, her son, her dear *Pietrino*! The sentinels answered, from the ramparts—"Your son is condemned to die—he is about to be executed." At that moment the drums beat, and soon after a discharge of musketry was heard. She could no longer doubt the fate of her son. She was borne

home senseless to her husband, where, plunged in an agony of grief, they both deplored the loss of their only child and hope—when Coli sent him back to them in perfect health, without ransom; thus taking a noble vengeance of Vassali's treachery, considering that the alarm of a parent was sufficient to expiate the attempt on his own life. Two days after, receiving official advice from the minister-at-war of the change of dynasty, Coli delivered up the fort to the English, who paid a merited tribute of esteem to his valour and fidelity. They honoured him with a guard of honour to Corsica, and sent him by an English vessel to Corsica. The English officers seemed to take great pleasure in conversing with Napoleon's nurse, who related to them many particulars of his infancy, and they treated her and her grand-daughter with the greatest courtesy; but their conduct was very different towards Vassali.

The following anecdote shows the importance of a religious feeling, even when carried to superstition:

The insurrection at Gavi had lasted two or three days, and my residence was assailed by the mob, when a rich and powerful family, which had long been my enemy (instead of that of the Government which had tormented it), generously came forward in the moment of danger, forgot its animosity, and protected me by its influence and popularity. The insurrection was suddenly appeased by a tragical event, which was taken for a warning from heaven. As in this country great joy and great sorrow is announced by the ringing of bells, the most ardent flew to the cathedral the instant the news arrived of the Allies entering Paris. A great struggle took place who should first get hold of the bell-ropes; rushing, pushing, crushing was the order of the day; when the foremost and ring-leader of the revolt fell from the steeple and was impaled on the cross of a tomb in the church-yard. At this sight, the populace took fright and withdrew in silence: a priest hastened to confess the man, but he was already dead. This person dying, and being deprived of the succour and pardon of religion, appeared to the mob a certain sign of the anger of Heaven at the insurrection, and all retired peaceably to their homes.

Before our author quitted Gavi, he addressed the municipal body, and re-traced the annals of his eight years' administration. It is a picture (as he observed) of good and evil. To the evils of the Conscription he had opposed, as a counterbalance, the introduction of the Vaccine: there was not a hamlet in Liguria which he had not visited every year on foot, accompanied by a priest and a vaccinator.

The fiscal laws had been severe; but he had established offices for enregistering the sales and mortgages of property, which defeated fraud and rendered property secure.

Secret marriages had been abolished, and paternal authority over children re-established.

Religion had been protected, church property respected, and the curates well paid, besides the voluntary tithes offered by the people, although abolished by law.

Churches were unhealthy, from the putrid exhalations arising from interments in their precincts: cemeteries had been established out of town, and its salubrity thus increased.

The prisons were living tombs, where the innocent and the guilty were deprived of the common benefits of nature: he had promised them to be well aired, and the English system of prison labour to be established, as well as religious instruction.

Bridges had been constructed over the Scrivia and the Bormida.

The barren mountains had been planted with



foreign shrubs and trees adapted to the climate, &c. &c.

This picture gives a very favourable view of our author's administration, and proves (as the same system was extended to all parts of the French dominion in Italy) how much real and permanent good was effected by the residence of the French. During their stay, the high-roads were entirely freed from banditti; but the moment they left it, that scourge and shame of Italy was resumed in all its horrors.

The author's sketch of the Piedmontese is highly creditable to them. He passed through Turin on his return to France.

I found the city of Turin occupied with the preparations of a grand fête, unique in its annals. It expected the arrival of its king, Victor Emmanuel, and with him its old laws and customs, the idiom of its forefathers, and the rank of nations, which it had lost. Revolutionary principles and interests had never taken deep root in Piedmont; the religious habits of the people, the influence of the nobility and clergy, the noble pride of the army, and still more the love and respect of the nation for its king, had always repelled them. The Piedmontese, naturally proud and warlike, were always impatient under a foreign yoke. Piedmont never considered itself as allied to France, but conquered by it. It hoped every thing from the Alps and its courage. From the bosom of his island the King of Sardinia, always cherished and cherished by his continental subjects, governed his kingdom, and directed public opinion. He had his ministers, his army, and his police. He acted with the greater success, as they were invisible; the archbishop, in particular, was most devoted to his ancient sovereign.

A trait of the Prince of Borghese, on leaving Piedmont, of which he was governor, is highly honourable to him.

On the eve of his departure he requested to know if all his debts were paid, when, to his great surprise, bills amounting to 500,000 francs (£20,000) were produced; he had not contracted one of those debts, and was furious; but as it was pretended they had been contracted in his name, the Prince having no money, ordered his plate and jewels to be unpacked, to sell them, and pay the claims. This noble conduct coming to the knowledge of the bankers of Turin, they requested the Prince to let them advance him sufficient to pay all, and to leave him plenty for his journey. He accepted their offers and gave his bills, which were all regularly honoured.

Our author, like all writers of anecdotes, is not very careful of their chronological order, for he next transports us to Milan, and a date much anterior to 1814. Prince Eugene was governor of Lombardy, and our author sent to Milan to get the Prince to reduce the price of passports from ten francs to one franc for the poor Ligurian mountaineers, who emigrated to Lombardy like the Irish labourers to England; not being able to pay the ten francs, they went without a passport, were arrested, and thrown into prison. By the suggestion of our author, the passports were ordered by the Prince to be reduced to one franc, whereby 6000 were delivered annually, whereas six had not been taken at ten francs.

On a visit to Milan, our author saw a portrait of Napoleon, which had attracted the attention of the Italian police, as well as that of the artists. The painter had exhibited it day after Napoleon was crowned King of Italy. The conqueror was represented with the Iron Crown, and all the attributes of royalty. The picture was excellent; but what excited the greatest curiosity were the four letters placed at the bottom, I. N. R. I. Every one recognised in them the monogram of the crucifix. Some beheld in

it a stinging satire, and an allusion, in the Iron Crown, to the crown of thorns of our Saviour. "What impudence!" said the courtiers. "What a grand truth!" said the sages, in reflecting on the wars and new enemies this crown would draw on the new King. In the midst of these reflections, the police sought the painter, and demanded of him with what intention he had affixed these four letters, and what he meant by them? "Why," said he, with a smile, "the four letters, which excite so much curiosity and rumour, designate the man I have painted, and his new throne—"

#### Imperator Napoleo Rex Italiae.

We here conclude our extracts from this amusing volume. There are some trifling errors in it, such as placing the Isle of Wight in Scotland, and the idea that every M.P. on coming to take his seat, previously goes to hunt a stag in the King's forests; but these are blunders to smile at, rather than to censure.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Catherine de Medicis*, a Tragedy: *Ethelwold and Elfrida*, a Poem; and *James III.* a Tragedy. By William Woodley, Esq. London, 1825. Hatchard.

THE author, in his preface, (which is smartly written,) seems to have anticipated his own fate—the fate, we will not use the word of mediocrity, but, of that want of superior powers so essential to success, at a period when every year produces more genuine and good poetry than would have served to form a score of distinguished writers in former days. We are sorry to say we can give him no hopes of popularity in serious composition: we should suspect the comic to be his natural vein.

*A Description of Three Ancient Ornamented Bricks, found at different periods in London and Gravesend, with Observations respecting the date of their Production and the Appropriation of them in Buildings.* pp. 32. London, 1825. Arch. Harding, Triphook, and Lepard; and T. Cadell, Gravesend.

THE first of these bricks, called the brick of St. Hubert, was found in 1808, in an old well on the premises of Thomas Johnson, Esq. at Gravesend, and is now in possession of the author (Mr. Cruden, we believe); the second, a duplicate of the first, was found in Cheapside, and is preserved in the Antiquarian Society; and the third, now in the British Museum, was discovered in Mark Lane.

The author goes into an interesting investigation, to show that the brick (1) was made from a wooden block about the end of the 15th or beginning of the 16th century; and that such productions were used to adorn the domestic shrines of the superstitious or devout. The tract records several curious circumstances, and deserves the notice of Antiquarians.

It represents his conversion, agreeably to the legend, by the appearance of a Stag with a Crucifix between his horns.

#### THE ROMAN CATHOLIC QUESTION.

UPON this question, which has agitated the country so much, a number of publications have been sent to us; and though neither politics nor theological controversy are allowed to break in upon the more pleasant literature of our pages; we think it historically right to insert a slight notice of some of these productions.

*The Book of the Roman Catholic Church*, by Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo. pp. 347. J. Murray. Is a defence of that Church against certain charges urged by Mr. Southey in his "Book of the Church." It is written in a very polite and oily

style; and certainly invites the Laureate to read a great many more books than he will, probably, be persuaded by Mr. Butler to wade through. Many of the arguments are, however, well sustained: others are illogical; others again, at variance with their fellows in the same volume; and others good only as answers to Mr. Southey, though not conclusive upon the points at issue. The tone has amused us by its being half unctious, half sneering. The talents of the author are evident throughout.

*Letters on the State of Ireland.* By J. K. L. 8vo. pp. 364. Dublin, R. Coyne. London, Cowie; Keating & Brown; and Bookers.

THESE are the celebrated letters by Dr. Doyle, so much commented upon both in and out of Parliament. They are powerfully written, and show the author to be a very able man. Not the least proof of his ingenuity, was his clever way of bowing the Parliamentary Committee out of its purpose of examining him on the subject. The bitterness of J. K. L. would not have tallied well with the suavity of Dr. Doyle.

*Catholic Miracles*, with seven designs by George Cruikshank. 8vo. pp. 102. London, Knight & Lacey. Dublin, Westley & Tyrell.

HERE we have ridicule called in on the other side. Prince Hohenlohe, as well as older miracle workers, are subjected to the humorous pencil of the caricaturist; and it must be owned that he has done much "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

*Bishop Jewell's Apology for the Church of England.* Translated by the Rev. S. Isaacson, B. A. 8vo. pp. 298. London, Hearn.

Is a graver, more substantial, and well-timed publication on the side of Protestantism. There is an able preliminary discourse by Mr. Isaacson. The original Latin work was written at the request of Queen Elizabeth, who selected the most competent of her prelates for the task; and it was put forth by the Council of State, as a formal avowal of the faith and doctrines of the Reformed Church; with an order that it should be kept "chained up" in all the churches in the kingdom. This is a potent evidence of what was considered to be the sterling character of the work; and, indeed, there are few books which can be ranked above it for profound and learned argument, in the cause it supports. The translation appears, in every respect, to be faithful, and given in a clear and good style.

*Papery and the Popish Question.* By the Rev. Geo. Croly. 8vo. pp. 147. London, Whittaker. Is an exposition of the conduct of some of the leading advocates for the Roman Catholic claims, and of some of the tenets of that church, written with great vigour and force. Mr. Croly shows himself to be a warm and determined opponent of the measures now under public discussion; and his pen will be reckoned a stout ally on the side of the established religion.

*State of Ireland*, &c. 8vo. pp. 87. London, Hatchard.—Is a republication of letters from the Courier newspaper; the ability displayed in which has been confessed by all parties. This pamphlet, also, is strenuous for the Establishment.

*Observations on the Answers of Dr. Doyle*, &c. pp. 43. Ackermann.—Is remarkable as the performance of a Spanish bishop, Dr. Villanueva. He contends, that though many of Dr. Doyle's answers were orthodox, yet there were others which paid too marked a deference to the modern system of the Roman Curia. It is a singular pamphlet.

How shall we conclude this sketch?  
"For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight  
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Dr. ROGET entered, in his Eleventh Lecture, into the subject of the Comparative Anatomy of the Organs of Vision in the two first classes of Vertebrated Animals: previous to which, however, he concluded the inquiry, which he had commenced in the preceding Lecture, into the mode in which the perception of a single object resulted from a double impression made upon the organ of sense; a subject which has occupied the attention, and exercised the ingenuity, of the most subtle metaphysicians and physiologists. He exhibited an apparatus which he had contrived for the more convenient exhibition of the phenomenon discovered by Mariotte, namely, that objects became invisible when their images were received on that part of the retina which corresponds to the extremity of the optic nerve, on its entrance into the globe of the eye. The hypothesis by which Mariotte attempted to explain this fact, and on which he ventured to build a new theory of Vision, assuming its seat to be the choroid coat, instead of the retina, was shown, from several considerations, to be erroneous. Dr. Roget also pointed out a curious circumstance attending this phenomenon, namely, that the defect of sensibility in that particular portion of the retina did not, in any case, give rise to the perception of a black spot in the field of Vision, which would have been apparent if a part possessed of sensibility to light were to receive no impression of light whatever.

The convergence of the optic axes to a point at the same distance as the object viewed, is necessary in order to give rise to a single perception of that object; for it is only under these circumstances that similar images will be made to fall upon parts of the retina of each eye, similarly situated with regard to their respective axes; and in this case, the law of projection, explained in the preceding lecture, finds its application also to the phenomena of singleness of Vision when both eyes are employed. The movements required in the eye, in order to produce these adjustments of the optic axes, and the efforts of which we are conscious while we make them, furnish means of judging of the distances of the objects viewed. It is found, accordingly, that when one eye only is used, it is generally difficult to estimate distances with precision, or to perform actions, such as muzzing a candle, or threading a needle, which require this accurate estimation of distances.

The theory which has been laid down by several metaphysical writers, with regard to the system of corresponding points in the two retina, has received a very remarkable confirmation by the singular affection of Vision to which some persons are liable, namely, that of seeing only one half of every object to which they direct their eyes. Dr. Wollaston, who has investigated this subject in a paper which has been lately published in the Philosophical Transactions, was led by these facts to the knowledge of the probable distribution of the fibres of the optic nerve, and of the reason of their partial crossing, or semi-decussation, as he terms it, after they issue from the brain, and before they enter into the orbits of the eye on each side. It thus appears that the sympathy which exists between the corresponding points of the two retina, is not merely the result of experience or of habit, but has a foundation in the original structure of the organs themselves, by which the impressions are conveyed to the sensorium. Still, however, this sympathy does not extend farther than the occasion calls for, since it does not take place with regard to colours.

Dr. Roget next proceeded to institute a comparison between the Organ of Vision in man and in the inferior animals. Although many of the mam-

malia, he observed, possess parts which are not met with in the human eye, there is no part found in the latter which is altogether peculiar to man. The central foramen, and yellow transparent spot discovered in the human eye by Soemmerring, has been found to exist in many species of apes, both of the old and new continent, and also in some species of lizards. The inclination of the optic axes to the vertical plane passing through the middle of the head, was traced in various tribes of quadrupeds, from the human conformation, in which they are nearly parallel, to those animals in which they form a very obtuse angle, or almost coincide into a straight line, so that each eye has for its field of vision portions of separate hemispheres. This gradation, with regard to the lateral position of the eyes, was also traced in the class of birds and reptiles. The remarkable violation of the law of symmetry which takes place in the family of pleuronectas, or flat fish, as they are called, and in which both the eyes, as well as the mouth, are placed on one side of the body, was noticed, and its consequences traced, in the singular distortion observable in all the organs of the senses of these animals. The forms and situations of the orbits, and the course taken by the optic nerves, which sometimes decussate, and at other times cross one another without any decussation, were described. The relative magnitude of the eye, as compared with the size of the body, also afforded matter for many interesting remarks, as illustrating the connexion of structure with the modes of life to which each respective species of animal is destined by Nature. Thus, while she has, on the one hand, bestowed great acuteness of sight on predacious animals, which pursue their prey by the chase; she has also, on the other hand, endowed those that are subject to be pursued, with corresponding powers of vision, that they might be enabled to discover their enemies from afar, and fly from the threatened danger. The peculiarities in the eyes of nocturnal animals, and in those which, like the mole, burrow under ground, were noticed; as also the singular conformation of the mustyphlus, or blind rat, the zemni of Pallas, in which a minute black point, concealed under the skin, is the only vestige that can be traced of an Organ of Vision. The various forms of the pupil in different quadrupeds, its range of contraction, and voluntary movements in the cat kind; the fringed curtain belonging to the upper part of the iris in the horse; the transverse lines exhibited in the retina of the hare and rabbit; were explained in detail, and exhibited in drawings and preparations.

The most remarkable peculiarity in the eyes of quadrupeds occurs in the part which has been termed the *tapetum*, where, from the absence of pigmentum nigrum, and the glistening polished surface of the tunica ruychiana, the most brilliant colours are reflected. The attempts which have been made to trace a connexion between these colours, and the particular habits of the animal with regard to the procuring of its food, were stated, and shown to be fallacious in numberless instances. The colour of the iris has a relation to the colour of the hair; so that even in spotted dogs and rabbits the iris frequently exhibits a similar mixture of different colours.

The different modes in which the cornea is joined to the sclerotic coat were next adverted to; and the structure and uses of the suspensory or choanoid muscle, as it has been called, which is peculiar to quadrupeds, and exists neither in the human species nor in the monkey tribe, were pointed out. The mechanism of the nictitating membrane, or third eyelid, was described, and the purposes to which it is subservient in the lower animals, were explained.

The remainder of the Lecture was employed

in giving an account of the principal circumstances worthy of notice in the eyes of Birds. The chief peculiarities in their internal structure are manifestly intended to facilitate the vision of objects through a medium of great rarity, and to confer a very extensive power of accommodation to perfect Vision at various distances. The security afforded to the sclerotic coat by the provision of a circle of bony plates, which are slightly moveable upon one another, is thus rendered compatible with sufficient alteration of shape in the coats of the eye to admit of this wide range of adaptation. The curious plicated structure of the marsapium, which arises from the optic nerve and retina, and extends a considerable way into the vitreous humor, is provided for some purpose, which, notwithstanding the numerous conjectures that have been hazarded on the subject, is still involved in obscurity, and of which it is extremely difficult to reconcile the operation with any of the known principles of optics.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT AND KALENDAR FOR MAY.

The long-continued drought of March and April had thoroughly dried the very wettest lands, and prepared them for the late abundant and genial rains. The effect of these rains on vegetation has been like enchantment; and if such weather, or even anything approaching to it, continue for two months, there will be such a harvest as is not often witnessed. All thin wheats, ryes, and winter tares, will be rendered as thick, and perhaps more vigorous, than those which a month ago were reckoned greatly superior to them. Spring corns will equal every expectation; and no weather can be more favorable for sowing the turnip, and other surface roots. In a word, the prospects of rural abundance in every department never looked better; and we trust the blessing will be universally diffused over every class of the community.

The operations of this month on free soils are chiefly turnip sowing; where beans and potatoes are drilled or rowed so wide as to admit of horse hoeing between—that operation also goes on. As to hand hoeing on stiff bean soils, it is of very little use; but on free soils, and especially among potatoes, it is more effective. No description of weather can be better for stirring the soil than alternate showers and heat: dry weather is preferable for the operation, as far as killing the weeds is an object; but that, though an important part of the uses of hoeing, is but a part; and stirring, loosening, reversing, and pulverising the surface, is of immense benefit by admitting heat and moisture more readily. Chaptal, in his recent work (*Chémie appliquée à l'Agriculture*, &c.) says, even the exposition of a greater surface to the operation of dews is an important use of stirring. We may add, that the increase of the soil's superficies and its porosity must greatly promote the absorption of the sun's rays, and also retard their escape, compared with the effect of a smooth, hard, or baked surface, (such as we often see after shallow hand hoeing) in these respects.

## THE CROCODILE.

At the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, of which the Paris letter in our last gave an account, M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire read a memoir on the subject of the genus *Crocodyl*. This celebrated naturalist principally directs his attention in this memoir to the different species of *gavialis*\*, which have hitherto been classed as a mere subdivision of the genus *Crocodyl*, but which he thinks should be considered as forming a separate genus. Ancient naturalists did not confound the *gavialis* with the other species of crocodiles, but represent them as distin-

\* Is this the same as the *lacerta guana*?

guished by their inoffensive character, and by the form of their snout, which renders them much less formidable. They describe them as never attacking man nor any terrestrial animal, but subsisting only on fish and aquatic reptiles. This manner of living renders it necessary for them to remain frequently for a considerable time under water, both in pursuing their prey, and in escaping from the constant danger to which they are themselves exposed from the great size of their bodies, which marks them out at a great distance as objects of pursuit to their enemies, against whose attacks their organization scarcely affords them any means of defence. These animals, however, being only endowed with the mode of respiration of land animals, it is natural to inquire how they can breathe under the water in the same manner as aquatic reptiles. M. de Saint-Hilaire gives the following solution of this interesting problem. According to him, they have the faculty of laying up a provision of air in their nasal cavities, which is there accumulated and compressed as in the inside of an air-gun. This air, which they have the power of introducing into their lungs as their necessities require, enables them to remain under water so long as twenty-four hours at a time, without being obliged to rise to the surface. The males having more occasion to remain under water in order to provide nourishment for their young, they also present this natural mechanism in a higher degree of perfection than the females. At the extremity of the snout is a swelling or pouch, which in the females is not very strongly marked, but in the males is distinctly visible. This pouch, the use of which has not hitherto been known, is formed of a reticular web, which permits the passage of the air into the cavities or opposes its entrance, probably by the effect of a voluntary action of the Crocodile. During all the time the animal remains under water, this pouch prevents the egress of the air contained in its lower nostrils: this air remains in communication with the lungs, and is capable of being introduced, by an alternate movement, into the thoracic cavity, or of being ejected from it.

At former sittings, the same gentleman had read a long memoir on the *Fossile Crocodiles of France*; and concluded, from his researches, that notwithstanding the contrary opinion given by the most celebrated naturalists, it is very possible that the *Crocodiles* now existing are directly descended from the *Crocodiles* that existed before the Flood. The author cites a fact of the highest interest in support of his opinion. He has succeeded in ascertaining that the *Crocodiles* which were embalmed upwards of three thousand years ago in Egypt, are not, as is generally supposed, exactly similar to those that exist in that country in the present day. This important fact he considers to be beyond all doubt.

## GEOGRAPHY AND GEOLOGY.

THE Bulletin des Sciences Geographiques, for January, 1825, published at Paris under the direction of Baron Ferussac, contains an interesting article on the subject of an Arab geographical work, intitled *Khariat ad Adgiaib*; or, the *Pearl of Wonders*, by Ibn al Vardi, which has been lately translated into Latin by Mr. Hylander, and published by him at Lund, in Schoen, in conjunction with his son, who has considerably enriched the edition by a copious appendix of *variantes*, taken from three Arab manuscripts in the Royal Library of Copenhagen, together with a geographical index, which contains, in addition to the Arab names adopted by Ibn al Vardi, those given by other Oriental or Latin authors to the different places mentioned in the work. One of the most remarkable passages in the translation of Mr. Hylander is, the mention made by Ibn al

Vardi of a mountain in the interior of Asia, which is seen to vomit forth smoke during the day time, and flames by night. It is as follows:

"DE TERRA SODIANA.—In ea flumen, quod nominatur Sogd atque exit e montibus Tim et supra jugum eorum extenditur. DE TERRA TIM.—A parte occidentali regionis Fragane, eaque terra ampla in qua montes excelsi, fodine auri et argenti, sal ammoniacum nativum et calcantum. Montes huc excelsi et via inaccessa. Ex his montibus lucet noctu ignis qui intervallo quinque milliariorum conspicitur; fumus interdum exit ab iisdem. In montibus Tim munimentum quod nominatur Schemsec. Frequens hæc terra bonis, et in ei conficiuntur instrumenta ferri, chalybis," &c.

The mountain mentioned in this passage must be at least 160 ordinary leagues to the east of Lake Aral, and 230 to the east of the Caspian Sea. If admitted to be a real volcano, it will serve as another example to be added to those already cited by Mr. Abel Remusat, from Chinese authors, of the existence of volcanic mountains in the interior of Asia at a considerable distance from any sea. It should be observed that, according to Ibn al Vardi, the country of Tim furnishes sal ammoniac, which quality is also mentioned by the Chinese authors as belonging to the two mountains which they have described as exhaling smoke during the day and flames during the night. This circumstance will be considered by some mineralogists as an additional proof that the burning mountains of the interior of Asia are real volcanoes, while others will perhaps be of opinion that the igneous phenomena of the nature of those mentioned by Chinese authors, and by Ibn al Vardi, as having been observed at a great distance from the sea, are to be considered as arising from the accidental existence of large layers of pit coal which have taken fire and produced the smoke and flames visible in these mountains. As an additional argument in support of this opinion, they might allege the existence of the alum, or the aluminous schist, in the same districts, as stated by the Arab author.

Messrs. Hylander state, that Doctor Leyden was busily occupied at Calcutta in preparing an Edition of the original text of Ibn al Vardi, with an English translation, when his useful labours were suddenly cut short by his premature death.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 7.—On Thursday following Degrees were conferred:

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. J. H. Harrison, and Rev. J. I. Monypenny, Wadham college; R. P. G. Tiddeman, Magdalen hall; F. D. Perkins, Brasenose college; E. B. Pusey, Oriel college.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—E. York, Christ church, grand compounder; T. L. Beddoes, Pembroke college, grand compounder; J. Bowen, and L. Fletcher, All Souls' college; T. A. Colling, Lincoln college; G. Baker, and C. Gregory, Wadham college; T. G. Griffith, and C. Gilpin, Magdalen hall; C. A. S. Morgan, Christ church; T. P. Meade, Brasenose college; J. L. Capper, and W. H. Cox, Pembroke college; S. A. Fyler, and E. E. Coleridge, Trinity college; S. I. Fell, and W. H. Gomende, Queen's college; H. H. Dod, Worcester college; G. E. Eyre, Oriel college; G. F. Hay, Balliol college; J. Danbuz, and J. P. Benson, Exeter college; H. K. Cornish, C. C. coll.

CAMBRIDGE, May 7.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following Degrees were conferred:

*Masters of Arts*.—N. R. Calvert, St. John's college; Rev. R. Wood, Corpus Christi college; R. Gorton, Jesus college (compounder).

*Bachelors of Arts*.—H. C. Seymour, Trinity hall. *Bachelors of Arts*.—S. T. Townsend, and V. F. Vryvan, Trinity college; W. F. Bally, Downing college; W. Carpendale, St. John's college.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The following is the Letter of M. Angelo Mai, to which we alluded in our paper on the Royal Society of Literature last week, and which we have now great pleasure in inserting, as an elegant and well expressed example of Latinity: "Reverendo Richardo Catermolio Regio que Londini est Litterarum Societati a Secretis Angelus Maius Vati-

cane Bibliothecæ Prefectus S. D.—Insigni et præter meam expectationem munere adfectus sum, deinde vestram doctissimam sollicitudinem adlectus sum, deinde quod honorario munusculum ornatus; facere non possum quin et iudicium de me vestrum tam benevolam tamque honorificam magnopere admire et amem; et pro meritis animi officio gratias vobis agam quam plurimas habeam. Prefecto hæc vestri instituti laus ad potentissimum Regem præcipue redundat, cuius id patrocinio ac liberalitate fundatum est; sed tamen ex misis maius sani ad me actis satis intellego quod iam sapientissimi homines tum incubationibus suis tum aliis erga litteras meritis rem feliciter ceptam magnis nectibus auferunt. Equidem quod in me quaecumque est, quodque hæc Pontificis Maximi Bibliothecæ præstare poterit, id vestris cunctisque commodis et utilitatibus litterarum semper patebit.

"Valete."

"Romæ Kalendis Januarii, MDCCCXXV."

## LITERARY FUND.

THE Anniversary of this excellent Charity took place at the Freemason's Hall, on Wednesday. It was well attended by distinguished and literary persons, and a subscription of £440 was made at the table. Mr. Saville Onley, one of the Vice-Presidents, was in the chair, Sir James Macintosh being prevented, by indisposition, from fulfilling his kind intentions towards the Institution.

## FINE ARTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 105. Christ crowned with Thorns.—W. Hilton, R. A.—It is rather singular that at a time when the dowfall of historic art in England is prognosticated, from the neglect of the past, and the small encouragement held out to such of its votaries as continue its practice; it is rather singular, we say, that at such a time, and under circumstances so unpropitious, the most abundant display, both in talent and variety of subjects in this department of painting, should mark the character of the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy; but so it is. Mr. Hilton's Christ crowned is one of the most prominent examples in proof of our assertion; for we do not recollect, since the establishment of the Academy, any picture of superior merit, (with the exception of Sir Joshua's Infant Hercules, and perhaps of West's grand historical composition of the Law delivered from Mount Sinai,) occupying the same place on the walls of the exhibition-room.

In treating his subject, the artist has tasked his talents to the utmost; not only to stand a comparison with the excellence of those numbers of similar character which have preceded him in every school of art, and by the ablest masters, but to sustain the daring attempt to delineate a scene so awful, and to impart the expression suitable to such a theme. Mr. Hilton has accomplished this great undertaking not merely with credit to himself, but with honour to the British School of Art, by taking a subject so high in the seat of intellect, so often attempted, and so seldom effected, as that of the Saviour suffering under the insults and taunts of his merciless and malignant persecutors. In most of the instances which have come under our view (except in Guido and the school of the Caracci,) the deep humility and dignified resignation of Christ have been wanting: the features of common life, with the expression of common feelings, often bordering upon meanness, have been given; adorned, it is true, with the splendour of colouring and the magic of chiaro-scuro, but utterly destitute of the higher qualities of art. In the instance before us those various qualities of painting are so happily combined, that but for the more exalted and touching interest of the group, the eye would rest with satisfaction on the arrangement of the composition, the carefulness of the execution, the beauty of the colouring, and the fine effect of the light and shade. Yet the triumph of the artist, after all, is, as we have hinted, to be found in that which we least like to contemplate—the deep pathos of the scene thus brought into view. With



all our admiration for the talents here displayed, however, there are parts in the picture to which we object. The principal is that of the figure pressing the crown of thorns, rather than placing it, on the head of the Saviour; it is an exaggerated action, and the strength of a giant put forth to crush a resistless victim; and Mr. Hilton seems to have been seduced into it, for the sake of producing a powerful contrast of outrageous force opposed to the meekest and most patient endurance. Thus it is that painters frequently bend the simplicity and truth of nature to answer pictorial effect. But we will not leave this grand work with the language of censure. We cannot, indeed, in the limited space of our paper, do justice to the many passages of extraordinary power which it displays. We may, however, congratulate the artist on the sale of his work; and that it will appear, from time to time, an example of British genius by the side of those purchased by the British Institution, as specimens of the highest rank in historic art.

1. The Combat; woman pleading for the vanquished, an ideal group.—*W. Etty, A.\** From the deep pathos of Hilton's picture, we pass on to the bold energy of Etty's pencil; and never was a group more calculated to display the action in which the power of conquest is so eminently and fearfully delineated; so much so, that the pleading of Pity, in the form it should ever wear, impresses the spectator with an idea that it would be urged in vain. Such are the sentiments which the first sight of this noble composition inspires; and our admiration is further increased by the splendour and force of colouring. We have little doubt but that the works of Titian were, on their first appearance, in these respects, what Mr. Etty's is now. But the qualities which distinguish this performance are not the result of imitation; they are rather the union of all that attracts admiration in the several modes of treatment adopted by the first masters. Yet pictures, like men, have their defects; and our artist appears to have fallen into error where we should have expected it least; as, for example, in the leg of the conqueror. The markings of the muscles are too strong; while, in the forward thigh of the vanquished they do not appear at all, which makes the limb look like a heavy mass of flesh. These, (and they are but trifling in comparison with the weight of merit which loads the picture,) are the only drawbacks upon one of the finest and most masterly works that ever graced the walls of the Royal Academy. After noticing these two pictures, can we be without the hope that the persevering industry which has kept the flame (first kindled by the genius and talents of West) from utter extinction, will find, in the attention of the Government, some more effective and certain means of reward and employment than what arises from casual sale.

\* We regret, more for the sake of the Arts than of the Artist, that we were misinformed respecting the sale of Mr. Etty's picture, as stated in our last Gazette. That work, unquestionably painted in an admirable manner and in the greatest style of art, so as to form one of the most striking features in an Exhibition which displays the *chef-d'œuvres* of British genius during the latest period, has not yet found a purchaser. That it may not be possible to say so for many days longer, is our sincere hope; for we should consider the fact of such a picture remaining with its author, to be a reproach not only to every called individual who claims the character of a Patron of the Arts, but to the nation at large. By encouraging efforts like this, the stimulus would be truly given to our Native School of Painting; which is not efficiently done by the expenditure of a few hundreds of pounds annually, on drolls and bits of landscape—however deserving of admiration in their way.

## BRITISH GALLERY.

ANOTHER new and extremely interesting exhibition has just been opened at the British Gallery, in a collection of the works of living British Artists. They are—of Lawrence, Stothard, Wilkie,

Howard, Hilton, Westall, Northcote, Callcott, Phillips, Shee, Bone, Beechey, Jackson, Ward, Jones, W. Daniell, Pickersgill, Collius, Etty, Cooper, Arnold, Chalon, Pradelle, Stephanoff, Reinagle, Starke, Linnell, Hayter, Leahy, Graham, Drummond, J. Wilson, Fraser, Newton, Alston, the late W. Owen, Linton, Sharp, Leslie, Briggs, Good, Witherington, Hoffland, Garrard, Constable, Martin, Danby, Landseer, Farrer, Cosse, Haydon, Mrs. Carpenter, Bigg, Barker, Heaphy, Eastlake, Singleton; and, amateurs, Lady Long, Sir A. Hume, and Messrs. Fitzhugh and Bowles. Many of the finest productions of these artists are to be found here.

Those who contemplate the formation of a National Gallery, composed of the works of the British School, may form some idea of such a desideratum by visiting the present Gallery of the British Institution. In this arrangement to exhibit the talents of living artists, there is given to the public an opportunity of seeing the best of the best, and judging of their several claims. In one feature an exhibition like that now offered for inspection differs from all others. No works of inferiority, introduced by favour,—no first attempts at likeness of nature, whether in portrait, landscape, or composition, offend the sight; but only the results of long study, practice, and experience, are offered to contemplation.

With most of the paintings in the present Exhibition (141 in number) we are well acquainted, and many of them have come under our remarks; we do not, therefore, deem it necessary to distinguish any by detail or comment.

## WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION.

No. 22. Scene in Shoreham Harbour, Sussex. *Copley Fielding*.—In all the diversified character of this class of scenery, Mr. Fielding's talents are most happily displayed. To the natural appearances of the various localities are added effects of light and colour, (whether from storm, sunshine, or other cause,) which mark the peculiarity of such prospects, as well as display the powers of the artist's style and execution. The view before us, and that (No. 39) of "Dundarra Castle—effects of rain clearing off"—are very striking examples of these combined qualities; while No. 53, "Inverary, Argyleshire—Morning," witnesses to the versatility of Mr. Fielding's pencil.

33. Evening. *G. Barret*.—Of the melting and harmoniously mellow hue—of the character of that twilight effect so happily expressed in the quotation from the Poet of the Seasons, which is given in the catalogue—Mr. Barret is delightfully profuse, and, in colour, equally realizes the fine idea of the same Poet, when he speaks of tints of "The purple streaming amethyst."

This tone, though often repeated, yields so grateful, so soothing a pleasure to the sight, that, connected with the varied and beautiful forms under which it is exhibited by the artist, it never palls upon the sense. His *Rookery*, No. 62, is abundantly imbued with a similar effect; but in point of execution, warmth, and transparency, his *Sunset and Morning*, Nos. 174 and 198, claim a preference in our eyes.

40. Ponte di Rialto, Venice. *S. Prout*.—Of this oft repeated view, it was for the pencil of Mr. Prout to continue, if not to augment, the interest. Distinguished by its picturesque appearance, and associated with so many poetical and historical recollections, the Rialto has acquired new charms under the hand of our gifted painter. The rest of this artist's works also preserve the same bold, free, and vivid style, which has been so eminently conspicuous throughout the course of his practice.

146. The Bear destroying the Children who mocked *Elisha*. *J. Varley*.—We are better

pleased with the composition than with the subject chosen by the artist. To prevent misapprehension, it is always best to quote the passage referred to as the subject of a picture: "And there came forth two She Bears out of the wood, and tare forty-two children of them." The Bear, however, of Mr. Varley, has nothing to do with the performance except that of hurting the composition, where, at first sight, it looks like a hole in the ground, with a body lying near it. Mr. Varley surely need not be told, that objects brought forward in the foreground should at least be made out with some care, that they may not be mistaken. From the science and skill displayed in other parts of this work, and from the feeling of the sublime which it evinces, we are sorry that any remarks should be called for, other than of that high commendation which the performance (apart from partial blemishes) so well deserves.

107. Carthage—*Aeneas and Achates*. *D. Cox*.—In this beautiful and classic composition there is a vigorous tone of colouring, (more indeed of gaiety than of grandeur) quite suitable to the high state of civilization to which the quotation points, and well calculated to call forth emotions of admiration and pleasure. With equal skill in the less elevated subjects of art, has Mr. Cox exhibited his powers, by the union of the picturesque with truth of delineation.

128. Llangollen, North Wales. *H. Gastineau*.—As far as our recollection serves, this artist has made a considerable advance; but, be this as it may, the present performance, as well as the rest of his works in this Exhibition, places him in the first ranks of Water Colour Painting.

229. Alderney Cattle, the property of S. Allnutt, Esq. *R. Hills*.—The fidelity of Mr. Hills' pencil, and the character of his grouping, are so well known, that, but for the variation of form and effect, his pictures might, perhaps, be more readily anticipated than those of any other artist;—still, in scenery and in sentiment, they are delightful. His animals are all nature, and by congenial nature does he surround them. In some, we have the fitting characters of wildness and desolation—as may be seen in the little drawing, No. 162, a Roe Buck, the back-ground of which is truly poetical;—and in others, the equally consonant features of sweetness and repose.

*The Battle of Waterloo*, Painted by J. W. Pieneman, First Director of the Royal Academy at Amsterdam, &c.

We trust we are neither unjust towards foreign merit, nor invidious in aught that regards either literature or the arts; but we must confess that we have misgivings on the subject of this picture. To supply a place for its exhibition, our fine park (Hyde Park) has been twice invaded by the ugliest shapes of building: the encroachment near the Piccadilly corner was not consummated, but we have its successor now, near the Grosvenor Gate, in all the bulk and offensiveness of the disagreeable and paltry. Of such an erection, in such a place, we would complain upon any occasion; but we complain still more, that the nuisance has been committed on behalf of a foreign artist, for which all the native genius of Britain might have prayed in vain. This is not right; unless we are to have booths spread from the Ride to the Serpentine, and from the Barracks to Oxford Street, to receive and exhibit pictures of a similar kind, produced at home.

With regard to Mr. Pieneman's *Battle*, it is a great work; and has, with some glaring defects, very considerable talent. It is 27 feet by 18, and appears to the eye to be still larger. The centre is well managed, and several of the groups possess much interest. The portraits of the prin-

cial characters are tolerably striking, and the horses are full of spirit. By a patriotic anachronism, the Dutch painter has introduced, prominently, the Prince of Orange, carried wounded off the field, and smiling (lac-a-daisical enough) at the news of the Prussian corps arriving; though the moment of the action is that in which the Duke of Wellington ordered the general charge, at the close of evening, and His Royal Highness was hurt and borne away early in the day. On the one side, in the foreground, the mortal wound of the brave Delancy is represented; and to balance this, on the other side, is the French general, Cambronne, looking villainously,\* and other prisoners, marched under guard for Brussels.

Upon the whole, this is a very unequal performance. The conception, effect, and much of the execution, are good: there are, however, very trivial incidents, and an occasional daubing fit only for theatrical scenery. The topography and military details are, we presume, from the marked favour shown the painter, tolerably correct: they cannot be more so than Mr. Jones's admirable view.

The picture was done for the King of the Netherlands, who has presented it to his son, as a memorable ornament for his new palace. Long may it remain there, to remind Holland how much she owes to British friendship and valour!

\* This was the hero who expressed the glorious sentiment—"The guard dies, but never surrenders!" unluckily for the general effect, he, the commander thereof, did not die; but was walked off, about ten minutes afterwards, a prisoner of war! It is distressing to live too near the time of great sayings!

#### ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

The anniversary of this excellent Institution, on Saturday last, though clouded by the absence of its President, Sir John Swinburne, and of the President of the Royal Academy, Sir T. Lawrence, in consequence of indisposition; was otherwise one of memorable importance to it, and of great promise to the Arts. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Chair, announced that His Majesty had been graciously pleased to become the Patron of the Benevolent Fund (accompanied by the donation of a hundred guineas;) and in proposing the toast of the Royal Academy, the Right Honourable Gentleman expressed his belief, that ere long, a more suitable place for the Exhibition of the productions of British genius would be provided. It is presumed that he alluded to a plan for erecting a building, on the model of the Parthenon, on the site of the Mews at Charing Cross.

*Costume of Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet, &c.*  
By J. R. Planché. Published by Miller.

We are glad to observe that these little volumes, so well calculated to spread a correct taste in dramatic matters over the country, are becoming more popular as their publication proceeds. The *Hamlet* has not been acted, dressed as here delineated, in consequence, we suppose, of the theatre's enjoying sufficient prosperity without needing to have recourse to new attractions.\* Mr. Planché has given fair reasons for adopting the costume of the Anglo-Saxons of the 10th and 11th centuries in this play, and it seems to be well devised for dramatic effect. The authorities cited in support of the various garbs, ornaments, &c. render the perusal of the book very amusing; in a literary point of view; and the research does credit to the industry of the author. Among other things, he insists very strongly on the propriety of divesting the grave-digger of his half-score of waistcoats; such habits being unknown to persons of that most ancient trade. But what would the galleries and Mrs. Grundy say? The figures of *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* are worse than lay-figures!

\* It is a singular fact that this has been one of the most productive seasons which Covent Garden ever reaped, though every new piece brought out has been hissed from the stage. It has on this account been wittily called, "a good season."

the artist ought to have made the Prince look more like "the glass of fashion and the mold of form;" and the Fair more beautiful. All the rest are as well done as could be expected at the small expense of the work; but we are of opinion that it would bear to be got up in a superior style, without the public grudging the additional cost. We wish, also, that Mr. Planché would increase our obligation to him for his reform of the stage, by turning his attention a little towards the scenery.

#### MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS.

*From Hilton's Entry of the Duke of Wellington into Madrid, and Stephanoff's Poor Relations.*

We feel a pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to these Engravings, which are announced for publication,\* and with the specimens of which we have been much gratified.

Our readers will no doubt recollect the latter picture, which excited a great deal of attention in the Exhibition at Somerset House about two years since; it was purchased by, and is now in the possession of, Lord Bexley. In this work, Mr. Stephanoff appeared to have opened a new page in the book of human nature; that is to say, new in pictorial display, for in nature itself it is common enough. Such a visit is a subject that might well fall into the class which has been adorned by Hogarth; but it is here treated more as a touching than as a ludicrous event. To show how apprehensive Luxury is of the invasions of Poverty, is more true than agreeable; yet it is truth that ought to be told, and is here told very ably. The heads are full of character, appropriate to the occasion; and their effect is much heightened by various amusing innuendoes, both in the back ground and on the fore ground.

Of the Print in Mezzotinto, which has been engraved from it by Mr. S. W. Reynolds, we cannot speak too highly: it is one of the best productions we have seen in that style.

The other example of this species of art (but so mixed with etching as indeed rather to entitle it to the designation of the new manner of engraving) is by Mr. John Bromley, and is from that beautiful design of Mr. Hilton of the Triumphant Entry of the Duke of Wellington into Madrid. It is executed, we understand, in an improved mode of engraving upon a composition metal, held to be superior to copper. We need not say much of the original design; of which, when exhibited at the British Gallery, we expressed our highest admiration. The splendour of Rubens pervades the whole of the performance, but blended with more of female beauty than distinguishes the works of that justly celebrated master. This picture is we believe the property of His Majesty, and we are happy to see that it has been so beautifully copied by the engraver.

\* By Mr. Bowyer of Pall Mall.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### SONG.

I have a summer gift,  
A sunny gift for thee:  
See this white vase, where blooms  
A beautiful rose tree.  
And on its crimson leaves  
Your heart must moralize,  
For love a lesson takes  
Of every leaf that dies.  
First you will prize the gift  
In all its scented pride;  
Its newness then will pass,  
And 'twill be flung aside.  
Then autumn rains will stain  
Its bloom with a dark token;  
The plant will perish then,  
And the white vase be broken.

Will not Love's tale be told  
In the fate of the rose tree?  
Such was at first your love,  
Then your neglect of me.

L. E. L.

#### THE CONTRAST.

He dies!—but he dies in the midst of renown,  
In the first dawn of life, and of glory, cut down;  
His name shall for ever be heard in the song,  
And bards yet to come shall his praises prolong.  
Like a young tree he falls, with its beauty around,  
While its leaves are yet fresh, and its branches  
are sound;  
That has never been nipp'd by the cold winter  
blast,  
But whose verdure and fragrance remain to the  
last.  
But I, an old oak of the forest, must stay,  
Till my branches and leaves are all faded away;  
And when on the earth I lie mouldering and dead,  
Not a sigh shall be heard—not a tear shall be shed.  
Oh! unlovely and dark is the season of age,  
When the spring time is past, and the winter  
winds rage;  
When we see our friends wither, and die on the  
stem,  
And wish, but wish vainly, to perish with them. E.

#### MUSIC.

*Singular Hoax respecting the Discovery of an Ancient Greek Manuscript.*

To the ever-active zeal of a veteran and eminent musician, G. Weber, of Darmstadt,\* the musical world is indebted for the detection of one of the grossest impositions, which, notwithstanding the ingenuity of the invention, perhaps ever disgraced the pages of literature.

A few months ago appeared in "The Berlin Musikalische Zeitung," Nos. 43 and 44, an article, which, by its exceeding interest, was well calculated to serve the purpose for which it was invented—that of bringing a young work, by a sort of *coup de force*, speedily into profitable circulation. The article in question triumphantly proclaimed to the literati of the civilized portion of the globe, the discovery of a most important historical document—a manuscript of Lasus, of Hermione, the son of Eupolis, who, as was stated, lived about 700 years before the Christian era. This document consists of two small plates of an unknown metal, supposed to be that which was called Corinthian; and the contents are—a description, in ancient Greek, of a grand musical festival held at Ephyræ (the ancient name of Corinth) in the sixteenth Olympiad. This extraordinary discovery was made by no less a personage than a Heidelberg *Bursche*† of the name of Krantmann, who, on the breaking out of the Turco-Grecian war, repaired with other adventurers to the classic land. In one of his peregrinations round Corinth, in company with his Greek servant, he desired the latter to get a young olive tree for a weapon of defence in case of need; and in tearing up the tree by the root, they discovered in the ground a sealed-up iron amphora, in which were contained the aforesaid two tablets. Krantmann, enraptured with the finding of a supposed treasure of great value, took the greatest care of it, and, upon his return to Germany, presented it to his uncle, Professor J. G. Murhard. The Professor, after due examination, gave, in "The Musikalische Zeitung" of Berlin, a very minute description of the external appearance, size, and weight, both of the amphora and the tablets, with an accurate translation of

\* His last and chief work, "Theorie der Tonsetzkunst," (Music) 4 vols. 8vo., is adopted throughout Germany as the best system of Thorough Bass and Composition extant.

† The English reader has lately become acquainted, through Mr. Russell's "Tour in Germany," with this middle class of beings, between the brute and man.

the Greek words. An article of this kind could not fail to excite the liveliest sensation, and the discovery was proclaimed by the credulous German journals as one of the most important ever made. The more discerning scholars of Germany, who could not help being very anxious to investigate so important a subject more closely, began to inquire for Professor Murhard, and to press hard upon Marx, the editor of the Gazette, for further explanations, till at length they elicited the following confession :

"Berlin, Jan. 20, 1825.  
"The story with (Professor) Murhard is a — joke. The idea originated with me, but it was carried too far; and it arrived at that stage where it ceased to be a joke."  
"I am, &c. A. B. MARX."

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

THE Abbé Philépeaux, judge of the bishop's court of Meaux, and the sole grand-vicar of Bossuet, was at Rome with Bossuet's nephew at the commencement of the affair of quietism. The illustrious Bishop of Meaux desired them to remain there in order to pursue the details of that matter, Philépeaux wrote an account of it, the manuscript of which was communicated to Bossuet, who approved of it, with the exception of a few alterations which he took the trouble of pointing out. The particulars of this account were unfavourable to Fenelon, and calculated to displease his friends, especially his family. The Abbé Philépeaux did not carry his relation further than the year 1700. In 1708 he died, having charged his heirs not to print his work for twenty years. In fact this account was not published until 1732 or 1733, an epoch at which the public mind was still much agitated with respect to the bull Unigenitus, published in 1713. Philépeaux's work had no reference to that bull, but the government, which had required from the Marquis of Fénelon the suppression of "The Examination of the Conscience of a King," was desirous to afford him some consolation, by revenging the memory of the Archbishop of Cambray, outraged by the Abbé Philépeaux. The "Account," therefore, which was printed at Sainte-Menehould, became, together with the "Provincial Letters" and the first volume of "Anecdotes of the state of Religion in China," also printed at Sainte-Menehould, the object of the most singular condemnation of which the history of prohibited books makes mention.

A simple *lettre de cachet* authorized the Lieutenant of Police, Héralut, to prosecute these three works. This magistrate caused the arrest, at five o'clock in the morning of the 24th of April, 1733, in the town of Sainte-Menehould, of Gabriel Deligé, bookseller, with his son and three of his workmen. Copies of the three works were seized at the same time. Deligé, his son, and their three companions were chained, carried to Paris, and thrown into the Bastille. Seven months afterwards a commission was appointed to sit in that frightful prison for the trial of these unfortunate persons. By the sentence of that commission (which was kept from the knowledge of the accused), Deligé's wife, who had been implicated by the Lieutenant of Police, was discharged, the son and one of the workmen were re-committed for three months, and Deligé and the two others were condemned to be put in the pillory in the public square of Sainte-Menehould, as also to pay a fine and be banished for three years. The "Provincial Letters," and the other books which were seized, were ordered to be burnt, and Deligé's types to be confiscated and brought to Paris and sold. The three condemned individuals left Paris on the 11th of December, not having had their sentence intimated to them, and being far from suspecting it, as they were told that the only object of their journey was for the

purpose of instituting further inquiries at Sainte-Menehould.

Deligé's wife, who was aware of the sentence, was in waiting at La Villette, near Paris, to inform her husband of the punishment to which he was about to be subjected. She recommended him to place all his confidence in God, who would give him courage to support the ignominy which he was destined to undergo. As the three condemned persons were passing through Chalons, one of them, called Claude Larcher, escaped. The two others, arriving at Sainte-Menehould on the 16th, found the pillories erected in the square. All the inhabitants of the place were in consternation. Every one shut himself up in his own house, and the only witnesses of the sentence were the Commissary Héralut, his officers, and the hangman. Some good people had the affecting hardihood to go and put the clock of the town forward, in order to abridge the punishment of their fellow-citizen; but they were disappointed; the executors of the sentence, ascertaining by their watches the time of its duration, rendered this pious stratagem unavailing. The sentence was posted up in the usual places; but Héralut forbade the police printer at Paris to give a copy of it, so that not one is now to be found.—*Extract from the General History of the Church during the 18th Century, by M. L'Abbé Aincé Guillon, 1823.*

#### DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday Madame Pasta, who, it is reported, has had some difficulty in detaching herself from the Parisian Opera, made her first appearance this season as *Desdemona*, in Rossini's opera of *Otello*. To an Englishman, and more particularly to a reader of Shakspeare, there appears something not only exceedingly ridiculous, but almost amounting to profanation, in these parodies, (for we can give them no better name,) of some of the finest productions of our immortal countryman; and more than an ordinary degree of talent in the poet, the composer, and the actor, is required to bespeak his favour, and reconcile him, even in a remote degree, to the unnatural and uncalled for change. In the piece before us, the translator, or adapter, or parodist, or whatever title he may be called by, has taken infinite pains to destroy every particle of interest of which the story is capable; and had the actors treated his production as he has his great original, the effect must have answered his most sanguine expectations. As it is, however, the impassioned energy of Garcia and Madame Pasta, who are really very able representatives of the Moor and *Desdemona*, threw occasionally some spirit into the scenes, and assisted in relieving, as far as their exertions would admit, its length and insipidity. The former was honoured with loud and frequent notice, both for his acting and his singing; and the latter was not only greeted at first most kindly and most cordially, but received, throughout the evening, the most enthusiastic marks of favour and applause—a tribute which, for her talents, natural and acquired, the most envious must allow she was fully entitled to receive. Caradori was the *Emilia*, and, as usual, was unobtrusive and charming. Of Curioni's *Iago* little need be said—the part itself is quite insignificant. At the fall of the curtain some empty-headed persons insisted upon seeing their favourite once more; and *Desdemona*, with her hair dishevelled—a strip of scarlet riband to represent the life-blood issuing from her wound—and arm-in-arm with her sable murderer, revisited the glimpses of the lamps. When will our young men, who travel to see foreign countries, learn to

bring home with them something more valuable than the faults, the follies, and the absurdities of their inhabitants?—*Le Page Inconstant* followed, but it was by no means so well acted as last season. The Ballet department wanted the addition of a male dancer most lamentably. The house was crowded in every part.

On Thursday, Madame Caradori took her benefit with Mozart's delightful *Così fan Tutti*. The theatre was well attended; and this deservedly popular public favourite received those testimonies of applause so justly due to her talents.

DRURY-LANE.

A new play, written by Mr. Knowles, the author of *Virginius*, was produced at this house on Wednesday, under the name of *William Tell*. The story being generally known, and our labours for the week too far advanced for detail, we shall at once proceed to the actors and acting. Macready was the hero, and most ably did he fulfil his arduous task. The scene in which he sees the blinded old man, is extremely fine; but incomparably his best is that in which he is condemned to shoot the apple from off the head of his son: the pathos and feeling which he here displayed drew more tears from the audience than we have often seen extorted by the powers of tragic art. He was, upon the whole, very well supported by Miss Clara Fisher, as *Albert*, his son, though she appeared sometimes to forget that her cue was not the *comique*. Mrs. Bunn, as *Emma*, the wife of *Tell*, had not much to do; but she made the most of a very slight part. Wallack and Knight exerted themselves to sustain the humours of the under-plot; but, after all, it was the genius of Macready alone which carried the play through in triumph.

#### VARIETIES.

A work of Count Orloff's is spoken of at Paris, as possessing much novelty and interest. We rejoice to see Russian talent and Russian subjects so much brought forward. Our remarks on Mr. Holman's book have, we find, produced a great effect, in a very high quarter.

The Royal Institution, we regret to hear, is on the eve of being broken up. Report says that great differences exist among the leading persons who have taken a concern in its management, and that the result is likely to be what we have mentioned.

*Northern Slang*.—A little dictionary, by M. Dorph, called "Rotvelsk Lexicon," has just been published at Viborg, in Jutland. Rotvelsk is the name of the language employed by the thieves and other rogues in that country to prevent their being understood by their dopes. It is difficult to imagine how a man like M. Dorph, who has great learning, and is the author of a new edition of Horace, can have acquired a language so different from that of the Muses. However, the dictionary will be very useful, not only to gossamers, and all who have any thing to do with the persons by whom Rotvelsk is spoken, but to philologists; because this language, which derives its origin from that of the gypsies, offers many interesting considerations to the lover of comparative grammar and etymology.

The lady of Marshal de Mirepoix, who died at Brussels in 1791, at a very advanced age, retained to her last moments all her wit and gaiety of disposition. On the day of her death, after receiving the last sacraments, her physician having observed to her that he found her considerably changed for the better, she replied: "This is bad news you announce to me, now that every thing is prepared for the journey, I would much rather set out."



## REMINISCENCES OF MICHAEL KELLY.

[How this piece of Michael Kelly's forthcoming book fell into our hands we need not say; it would probably surprise both author and publisher; but we consider it to be fair prize, and as such communicate it frankly to our friends.—Ed.]

"I remember one day, shortly after my first appearance, dining with my friend Jack Johnstone, in Great Russell-street, and met there an eccentric Irishman, well known in Dublin by the name of Waggish Jack Long, who was by turns an auctioneer and dramatist; he wrote a play called 'The Laplanders,' which was most coolly received by the audience at first, and afterwards very warmly commended. He came to England to propose to Government a scheme to pay off the national debt. He was, however, full of anecdote, and had a happy knack of telling stories against himself; one I recollect was, that, in his auctioneering capacity, amongst other schemes, he offered for sale woollen cloths at a farthing a yard; yet so completely was his character known, and so well appreciated, that he could not advance a bidding even upon that price. At one time he told us his patience was actually worn out, and in anger towards his auditory said, he thought they would treat him with the same inattention if he were to offer a guinea for sale. He then literally took a guinea out of his pocket, and actually put it up; there were certainly advances, shilling by shilling, until it reached seventeen shillings and sixpence, at which price he knocked it down, and handing it to the buyer, wished him luck of the bargain; the purchaser went immediately to try the value of his lot, when it appeared, being weighed, to be of eighteenpence less value than the purchaser paid for it.

"He mentioned another anecdote of a Mr. Lennan, a saddler in Dublin, who was most seriously stage-struck, and volunteered to act Major O'Flaherty, in which he was execrable; after this was over, however, he exhibited himself at the Cocker Club, where the facetious Isaac Sparks presided, and Jack Long was vice-president; they made him extremely tipsy, and then gave him in charge to the watch for having murdered Major O'Flaherty, and left the poor saddler all night in durance vile, who afterwards stuck to making saddles, and never more was found guilty of murdering majors, even on the stage.

"I had the pleasure also to be introduced to my worthy countryman, the Reverend Father O'Leary, the well-known Roman Catholic Priest; he was a man of infinite wit, of instructive and amusing conversation. I felt highly honoured by the notice of the pious pillar of the Roman Church; our tastes were congenial, for his reverence was mighty fond of whiskey-punch, and so was I; and many a jug of St. Patrick's eyewater, night after night, did his reverence and myself enjoy, chatting over that national beverage. He sometimes favoured me with his company to dinner; when he did, I always had a corned shoulder of mutton for him, for he, like some others of his countrymen, who shall be nameless, was remarkably fond of that dish.

"One day the facetious John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honour to meet him at dinner. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents, as it may easily be imagined; and O'Leary versus Curran, was no bad match. One day after dinner, Curran said to him, 'Reverend Father, I wish that you were Saint Peter.'—'And why, Counsellor, would you wish that I was Saint Peter?'—asked O'Leary.—'Because, Reverend Father, in that case you would have the keys of Heaven, and you could let me in.'—'By my honour and conscience, Counsellor,' re-

sponded the divine, 'it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out.'—Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of reason in it."

## LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Daubeny's Supplement to the Protestant's Companion, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Molesworth's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Village Preacher, Vol. V. 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—David's Modern Greek Grammar, by Wincock, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Mogham on Shakspeare, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Cottell's Songs of a Stranger, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Aytton's Essays and Sketches of Character, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Field's New South Wales, 8vo. 18s. 6d. bds.—Proctor's Journey across the Cordillera of the Andes, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—East's Sabbath Harp, 18mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—My Grandmother's Guests, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. 6d. bds.—Shaw's Further Observations on the Spine, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Salt, on Hieroglyphics, royal 8vo. 18s. 6d. bds.—Smith on Breeding for the Turf, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Travels of My Night-cap, foolscap, 6s. 6d. bds.—Bowditch's Meislin, 4to. 21s. 6d. bds.—Anecdotes of Lord Byron, foolscap, 6s. 6d. bds.—Wood on the Soil of our Islands, 8vo. 14s. 6d. bds.—Bentham's Rationale of Reward, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—The Forsters, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Bayley's Tower of London, Part II. royal 4to. 31s. 3s. 6d. bds.—Imperial 4to. 5s. 6d. bds.—Wilson's Infant Schools, 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Alaino on Cholera Morbus in India, 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Price's Emansy to Persia, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Introduction to Botany, a new edition, 8vo. 14s. 6d. bds. 11s. 6d. coloured, bds.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Too great number of new publications in almost every branch of letters, and in illustrations of Art, which have reached us within the week, shall all be brought under notice with our best diligence and dispatch. Though somewhat appalled by their multitude and variety, we are not displeased to see so abundant a field before us to glean for the entertainment of our readers.

Next week we purpose commencing "The Parrot," in a series of papers, after the fashion of our Hermit in London, Wine and Walnuts, Old Sailor, &c., and we trust with equal claims to popularity.

Of a Seaman Poet's comparison between perils at sea and perils on shore, we can only find a place for the last verse, relating to one of the latter—a jilt of a mistress—

"But when she proves false, and so gives us the slip, We must feel that her conduct's uncivil: But don't it, ne'er mind, let us try a new ship; She is gone—let her go to the Devil."

We cannot insert the congratulatory notice of Mr. Smirnov's election to be a member of the Royal Society. All communications ought to be authenticated; and Editors not called upon to state matters of which they have no knowledge, and for which they have no authority.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

| May.  | Thermometer. | Barometer.     |
|---|--------------|----------------|
| Thursday . . . . . 5  | from 43 — 50 | 29.80 to 29.85 |
| Friday . . . . . 6  | 44 — 50      | 29.76 — 29.78  |
| Saturday . . . . . 7  | 44 — 49      | 29.70 — 29.82  |
| Sunday . . . . . 8  | 44 — 50      | 29.82 — 29.85  |
| Monday . . . . . 9  | 43 — 50      | 29.85 — 29.86  |
| Tuesday . . . . . 10  | 44 — 41      | 29.98 — 29.98  |
| Wednesday . . . . . 11  | 44 — 42      | 29.94 — 29.90  |
| Wind variable; generally cloudy; rain at times. Rain fallen, 25 of an inch. |              |                |
| Edmonton.   |              | C. H. ADAMS.   |

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